

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXXV.—No. 901.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11th, 1914.

PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6D.  
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



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THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## PROGRESS IN SMALL HOLDING.

**E**VEN those not specifically engaged in agriculture look forward with interest to the publication of the annual dissertation on the subject which is issued in the shape of an annual report by the Board of Agriculture. The one which has just come out is full of very interesting facts. The formation of small holdings did not go on so rapidly in 1913 as it did in the early years of the Act. In 1909 there were, in round numbers, 39,000 acres required, and in 1913 24,000 acres, the decline having been continual since 1909, with the exception of 1911. The writer of the report does not attribute this falling-off to any real lessening in the demand. He says that it can be mostly accounted for. At first a great number of people wanted self-supporting holdings, and did not mind at all where they were situated; but after this, which may be called the regular army of small holders, comes the regiment of applicants who wanted a bit of land, but followed other occupations and therefore were not willing to accept of a holding at too great a distance from where they were. This would not apply to the agricultural labourer,

but to the village shopkeepers and artisans, the butcher and the publican. Again, in 1913 we are told that although a large quantity of land came into the market, much of it was sold at prices in excess of those which county councils could afford to give for small holding purposes. It not seldom happens in this country that the amount of money to be obtained for land bears no relation to its merely agricultural value. Land amounting to 10,832 acres came up for sale during the course of the year, for which the councils were authorised to bid, but the prices exceeded their limits. This is what one would have expected to find from the auctions. Whatever may be the cause, land is finding a readier sale to-day than it was doing a few years ago, and still the price is not extravagant. In this report it is stated that the average price of the land purchased in 1913 was £33 4s. an acre. It is impossible to call this an extravagant sum for land that is in any way suitable to small holdings. That which was leased was obtained at an average rent of £1 7s. 6d. an acre. As far as we can see, these facts point to an increase in the selling price of land. The average price paid by the county councils since the passing of the Small Holdings Act is £32 12s. 5d. an acre; so that the price paid was well over the average. The land leased was obtained at an average rent of £1 4s. an acre, so that in rent the increase has been proportionately larger. Probably the county councils on the whole pay more for the land than private individuals do and possibly they are charged a little more when they lease it.

In regard to the sizes of small holdings, very little change is noticeable, and the differences are easily attributable to variation in the character of the soil. The average size in England and Wales is 14·3 acres. It is lower for England than for Wales, simply because the Welsh land is poorer and therefore more of it is required. In such market gardening and fruit-growing districts as the Isle of Ely and Worcester an average of 5 acres is all that the holder cares to work; whereas in such counties as Northumberland and the North Riding of Yorkshire the average goes up to between 26 acres and 32 acres, and in certain parts of Wales it reaches 60 acres. But probably the best living is made on the small patch of rich and highly cultivated soil.

A very interesting paragraph is given to the subject of houses on small holdings. On the whole it is satisfactory to know that the number of new houses built is comparatively small, for the proper type of building has not yet come into the hands of the Board of Agriculture. Only 609 new houses have been built for small holders in the whole of the country, and a large number of these are in Surrey, Cheshire, Norfolk, Glamorgan and the West Riding of Yorkshire. There is a good list of counties in which no building of this kind has taken place. These figures apply to the whole time for which the Bill has been in operation. Last year only 149 new houses were built. It is suggested by the Board that county councils should proceed with the provision of houses under the Small Holdings Act. No doubt that will be done in time; but it would be a very great mistake to hurry this building. To put the matter plainly, there is very little understanding in the rural districts of what is and is not favourable for the purpose. The Board, however, has taken adequate measures for obtaining good advice on the subject. They have appointed a small committee under the chairmanship of Mr. Christopher Turnor for the purpose of enquiring into the nature and character of the buildings which are needed. This body issued a report early in the year, to which reference has frequently been made in our columns; but since then there has been formed a small advisory committee consisting of Mr. Christopher Turnor (Chairman), Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, M.P., Mr. Raymond Unwin and Mr. Lawrence Weaver. The purpose of this body is defined as being "to consider and advise the Board upon plans, models, specifications and methods of construction for rural houses and out-buildings, with the object of rendering the latest information on the subject available for general use."

## OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION

**T**HE subject of our frontispiece is Lady Houstoun-Boswall. Lady Houstoun-Boswall is the younger daughter of Colonel T. H. Anstey, and was married to Sir George Houstoun-Boswall last year.

\* \* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

# COUNTRY



## · NOTES ·

IN our "Correspondence" columns this week there appears a little query and an answer which we think will excite more than usual interest. The query is signed "Pater," and very appropriately so, because the writer is very obviously out in search of an occupation for a son. What he wants to know is the address of someone who can speak to him with authority about the prospects of earning a living from the cultivation of fruit. It would have been an easy matter to have given him addresses of many people engaged in cultivating fruit; but as the question asked has an interest for every "Pater," we sent it to an authority on the subject, who gives a very full reply. He shows that fruit cultivation as a means of earning a livelihood has assumed a new complexion of recent years. It has been discovered that if you can grow the best English fruit and pack it suitably, there is a capital market for it abroad, and the number of boxes exported is rapidly increasing. The English soil and the English climate produce apples of the finest flavour and quality. We will not say that English apples are the best; but they are at least as good as those of any other country, and on that account there is a demand for them which would have made itself felt clearly before, had the English grower learned to grade and pack his produce more carefully.

Under the circumstances, it is instructive to note the advice given by a practical expert who is certainly not carried away by exaggeration or enthusiasm. He thinks a living can be made out of fruit growing; but in these days of specialisation there must be a sound, practical, as well as theoretical, instruction beforehand. In addition to learning how to grow a tree and, what is of equal importance, where to grow it, the would-be fruit farmer must understand how to manage labour and also be able to choose a site for his industry where suitable markets will be available. Facilities for transport and disposal are of the utmost importance in this business. He should also have at his back a solid amount of capital. Our contributor suggests £1,000 for fifty acres, and the amount does not err on the side of excess. In every form in which the cultivation of the soil is carried on, the preliminary is a considerable outlay of capital. The farmer must buy his seed and his manure, his implements and his animals; he must pay his labourers many weeks' wages before the slightest return can be expected. If he begins at Michaelmas, he will have himself to keep and his expenses to meet for the better part of a year; and for a full crop of apples from standard trees, waiting must be extended to ten or twelve years. Even bush fruits on paradise stock do not yield their best until about the fifth year. But the grower can in the interval produce fruit and vegetables at a profit that will be sufficient to keep him going. Strawberries yield about the safest return of any.

In the course of a plea for the renewal of the Canadian Magazine Post Agreement, Mr. Evelyn Wrench, who is secretary of the Overseas Club, gives many interesting particulars about the effect of this Agreement, which was

drawn up by Mr. Lemieux and Sir Sydney Buxton in 1907. Up to then the periodical literature most freely circulated in Canada originated in the United States. But under the Postal Agreement the best of our weekly and monthly periodicals have passed freely into Canada, and the interest they excite has been deepened by a vast improvement in the cable service from London. Such papers as the *Montreal Star*, the *Toronto Globe*, the *Manitoba Free Press* and so on, now publish copious and trustworthy news from Great Britain, although garbled intelligence is still sent too abundantly *via* New York. It is very evident that if the link between the Mother Country and the Dominion is to be strengthened, we cannot afford to disregard the agency of the post and press. A free dissemination of literature between the two countries not only implies a dissemination of ideas, but enables those who have become Colonists and those who remain at home to keep in mental touch with each other.

Householders are becoming painfully aware that beef and mutton are rising in price, and the increase is due to causes that are more or less permanent in character. The principal one is that the United States, instead of continuing to be one of the great sources of supply, is now an importing country. In seven years the importation of cattle and beef from America has fallen from 231,599 tons to 3,316 tons. There is little chance of the United States resuming their rôle of meat producer for the British Empire. Wasteful farming and the influx of settlers account for the fact that the supply of American beef does not keep up with the home demand. President Wilson's Free Trade policy, on the other hand, has opened the door to the South American mutton which was previously sent to Europe. Of course, higher prices will give a much needed stimulus to stock raising and fattening; but in the opinion of experts it is extremely doubtful whether the increased production will be able to keep pace with the demand.

### A RUNE OF HOSPITALITY.

(From the Gaelic.)

I saw a stranger yestere'en,  
For him I did prepare—  
Food I put in the eating-place,  
Drink I put in the drinking-place,  
Music in the listening-place—  
That he should find them there.

In the sacred name of the Triune God  
He blessed my home and me,  
My children, wife, and dear ones all,  
My cattle in the field or stall,  
So lovingly he blessed us all  
In the Name of the Blessed Three.

Anon the lark sang in the sky,  
And the words of her song were wise—  
"Often, often, often  
Goes the Christ in the stranger's guise."

(Sent by an Anonymous Correspondent.)

This is the time of year in which the housefly breeds, and we hope that attention will be given to the important letter signed by a hundred and twenty-three medical officers of health, in which an appeal is made that the public should co-operate with the health authorities in clearing out the breeding places of flies and thus reducing disease. The malady to which they direct particular attention is infantile enteritis, of which the germs are carried on the outside of the insect's limbs. To deal with the plague by killing individual flies is hopeless, on account of the rapidity with which they breed. It is far better to look out for the places in which they breed and clear them out. To do so effectually it is necessary to understand something of the life history of the fly. In the spring the female leaves the place where she has been hibernating and sets out to lay her eggs, choosing for the purpose a manure heap or any collection of refuse, garbage or offal. She lays as many as a hundred and twenty eggs at a sitting, of which she has several. The maggot is hatched in a few hours, eats the filth in which it lives, and five days after its birth becomes a chrysalis. In five days more it emerges as a fly and begins its business of seeking for food. As this is obtained from putrescent matter, the insect's mouth, legs and body become smeared with food and the germs it contains. The germs afterwards breed on the insect, and in this way are carried to human food such as milk.



Local authorities are doing all that they can to cleanse places where it is notified the flies are breeding; but obviously to secure adequate results they must have the co-operation of the public. It is suggested that the following steps should be taken in order to reduce the plague of flies. Elementary school children should be taught the life history of the housefly and be made to understand that through it are transmitted the germs of infantile enteritis, typhoid fever, ophthalmia, cholera, tuberculosis and possibly diphtheria and small-pox. In one place the Boy Scouts have done useful service by tracking the breeding-places and notifying their existence to the health authorities. Cinematograph houses might show films illustrating the life history of the insect and the injury it does. District visitors might explain to those whom they visit the main facts and ask for co-operation. The problem is one that affects both town and country, though in different ways. In the town, dustbins, backyards and collections of refuse are the chief breeding places; in the country the manure heap requires dealing with. The difficulty will be to teach farmers and small holders the danger incidental to the usual method of allowing the manure to accumulate either in yards or in heaps, and taking no steps to prevent flies breeding there. The simplest method of dealing with the manure is to cover it with earth.

St. Paul's has always occupied a position that is unique among English cathedral churches; and many people must have wondered what was the nature of these divers offices, when they saw the announcement that the Dean and Chapter had appointed the Rev. W. P. Besley, Warden of the College and Librarian of the Cathedral, to be Sub-Dean; the Rev. S. J. Childs-Clarke, M.A., Succentor of the Cathedral, to be Senior Cardinal; and the Rev. A. H. O. McCheane, Sacrist of the Cathedral, to be Junior Cardinal. For St. Paul's is the only English church that possesses Cardinals. These were two of the Minor Canons, and they were responsible for celebrating "the Capitular Mass"; they also administered the Sacrament to the sick and conducted funerals, and in return received a double allowance. Their office was instituted in days long prior to the Norman Conquest, and the College of Minor Canons itself is, of course, of equal or greater antiquity. It was customary for the Greater Canons to live away, upon the estates of the church; wherefore their representation in their offices by Minor Canons, who were always resident. Thus the Succentor was the proxy of the Precentor, always a Greater Canon, and the Sacrist represents the Treasurer. Because the Minor Canons were residents and held all the administrative offices, they became of great authority, and by the statutes of the cathedral the Sub-Dean is always chosen from the College of Minor Canons. In the old days the College was a great land-owning body, and though the Ecclesiastical Commissioners now administer the estates, the revenues are still paid directly to the College as a corporate body.

Now that the plovers' eggs have been coming on the London market in numbers which are rather surprising, considering the general lateness of the season, the moment appears opportune for dispelling what is almost certainly an illusion which some kind hearted people hold regarding the wholesale robbery of the nests of the green plover. The illusion is that much destruction of the plover stock is caused by this taking of the eggs. The argument may seem paradoxical, but it really is quite sound and valid, that this taking of the eggs is actually for the advantage of the stock, rather than the contrary. Laid on the cold ploughed lands, numbers of these first eggs of the plovers get frosted and infertile, and the birds sit on them, uselessly, until it is too late for them to begin a second brood. The parents of clutches that have been robbed, will begin at once a second attempt, and since these are later laid eggs, they are far less likely to be fatally frosted, and so the birds are really more likely to bring up a brood if the first eggs are taken than if they are left.

Farmers are making frequent use this year of a phrase for which they have not had much occasion during several past seasons. It is that ill-omened phrase of "cuckoo oats" used to designate oats put into the ground only about the date at which the cuckoo is due to be heard. It is only after such a soaking March as we have lately endured that this late sowing is at all likely to be done, but there was no opportunity for getting out on the land and getting the seed in before April of this year. As for the cuckoo himself, it seems probable that he will be later than usual in arriving, for certainly the earliest of the migrants, among which we should give a front place perhaps to the chaff-chaff, have

been behind their ordinary time in coming to us. On the other hand, those migrants which probably do not journey beyond our shores, were not later than their normal date in returning to their nesting haunts.

A great calamity has occurred to a large body of that hardy and courageous race—the seal hunters of Newfoundland. The dreary North has added one more to the awful tragedies it has witnessed. Rumours of this dreadful event were heard on Friday, April 3rd, and grim particulars were forthcoming on Saturday, when the ship *Bellaventure* steamed into St. John's, Newfoundland, with sixty-nine dead bodies and fifty living survivors of the crew of the Newfoundland on board. According to the captain's account, when the storm began the crew of the Newfoundland were on board another sealer, the *Stephano*. They endeavoured to return to their own ship in haste, but, despite all the searching and whistling from the ship, they failed to find their way, and were no more seen till the Thursday, when the survivors, enfeebled and broken, were seen staggering towards the *Bellaventure*. We need not here repeat their ghastly tale or recount how terrible were the deaths on the ice or how severe the sufferings were of those who escaped. More to the purpose is it to consider what help can be given. Most of the Newfoundland sealers are Naval Reserve men who are enthusiastically loyal to the King and the *Hcmeland*. Of the survivors, many are disabled for life, and of the others many leave behind women and children who were dependant on them for sustenance. Their case urgently demands relief.

#### WANDLE WATERS.

Where the Wandle waters wander  
And the light winds blow,  
Through the golden meadows yonder  
Where the kingcups grow;

Where the blossoming wild roses  
Deck the lanes to-day,  
And the old red wall encloses  
The first flowers of May;

The pale lilac blooms are flinging  
Sweet scents far and near,  
And the larks are singing, singing,  
Greeting to my dear!

For in those bright meadows yonder  
Where the wind blows free,  
And the Wandle waters wander,  
She will come to me!

ISABEL CLARKE.

One is often inclined to ask what good, beyond the provision of a little wholesome and temporary amusement, is to be expected from the creation of a new folk drama for the English villages and ambulatory theatre for Wales. The answer is not very difficult. Both movements are full of significance, and they meet in at least one direction. They express, consciously or not, a revolt against the sophisticated and artificial comedy which holds possession of our town theatres. To appeal to villagers and children the dramatist must go back to the elementary and primitive, and in this way will be forced to produce a more natural play. Who knows that they may not lay the foundation of a new drama? The Welsh movement is equally full of meaning. It is the ambition of a gallant little band of clever young men to build up a new body of Welsh drama and poetry. They are in every way likely to succeed. As a nation, the Welsh are instinct with drama. It is seen in every religious or political teacher in Wales.

The Helmsdale, Spey and other rivers in the North of Scotland have been fishing very well already, though in the South there has been continuous spate, which has practically put a stop to all angling. In former days April, according to old English writers, was the beginning of the salmon angling season. Scott, in his "British Field Sports," gives the season as "from April to August." He also gives us, with much confidence, advice on a subject which in these modern times is one of much doubt and dispute—the best hours of the day to angle for the salmon—"from 6 till 9 in the morning," he says, "and from 3 p.m. till sunset." Certainly he might find many now to agree with that dictum. On the other hand, he could find almost as many who would advise quite different hours.



## A GLIMPSE OF HONOLULU.



THE SWIFT RUSH TO THE SHORE.

**A**FTER eleven days of sea and sky there rise before us the sunbaked hills and waving palms of Honolulu. In the foreground a golden beach and behind all, the mountains whose summits are lost in mystery. Hawaii-Coa, the God-like fisherman of tradition and myth, sailed long ago into these waters; nothing remains of the bitter strife and bloody warfare which marked his coming, but the island is still "Oaku," "the beautiful." The natives hold that Wakea, the God of Light, is their father, that their mother is "Papa," "the Great Mother." Boundless and unfathomable is the light that hangs over the sea and broods over the land. Wakea guards it, and in the shelter of the mountains, where mothers shield their young, rests Papa-hanau-Moka, "the Mother of Islands." As we reach the bustle and confusion of the harbour, we awake to Americans and modernism. The outskirts of the busy town are a succession of gardens, with no fences to hide their beauty from the passer-by. On every side are sheets of purple bougainvillea and rose-coloured hibiscus. Unlike the dense, matted growth of most tropical islands, all is clear, distinct and full of form, yet gorgeous with the beauty of hothouse flowers and luxuriant vegetation. East and west are contrasted at every turn; American buggies, men in slouch hats and leather shirts, riding on Mexican saddles; darkie women in small sailor hats, and what look like flowing night-gowns, mix with the silent, unobtrusive figures of Japanese and Chinese, and behind them all, vibrant, insistent, is the land with its Eastern outline, its Oriental colour. The culti-

vated valley, the flower-laden bungalows, the smooth lawns, lie like some modern Eden at the foot of the frowning mountains, which, with their wonderful depth of colour and veiled outline, seem to watch with disapproving eyes the dwellers in the plain. On the Waikiki beach at any hour of the day men may be seen surf riding on wooden boards. Beginners roll about inshore, at the mercy of the waves, which batter them about and throw them up in huddled heaps upon the sand, amid roars of laughter from the onlookers. In the far distance, tiny figures with outstretched arms, like the wings of a bird, fly, hover, float, with perfect poise and grace, upon the crests of green breakers.

Clad in scanty bathing dresses, we venture forth, a party of three, and trust ourselves to the mercy of two brawny, mahogany-coloured natives. The long, narrow canoe is steadied by an outrigger, a slender log held by curved cross-pieces. As we paddled out, breakers rose like green walls in front of us; thrilling enough, but nothing to the excitement when we turned to come in. Having got some way out, we waited, paddling gently, for a really big wave. Suddenly our black men began to shout wildly, and away we went, a huge wave gathering up behind us, while we fled down its green and gleaming surface amid showers of blinding spray and the shouts of the men, drowned by the hissing of the roaring water. The steeper grew the wave, the faster fled the canoe. We were going at racehorse pace, the water whirling in our faces. It was so thrilling, we forgot to be afraid. Hours were spent, spellbound, in the aquarium.



POISES OF THE SURF RIDERS.



PUTTING OUT THE CANOE.

Some of the fish were transparent, like mother-o'-pearl. Some were so like the seaweed-covered rock that they could not be seen till they moved, and some so faint that it was difficult to see them at all. There were scarlet and mauve fishes, others red and white in stripes. The bird-fish of the brightest peacock blue looked as if covered with feathers. Some with flat heads and both eyes on one side had the funniest way of shooting their eyes out till they stood up like the heads of two caterpillars, and they then twisted them slowly round to get a good look in every direction. The horrible devil-fish stuck up its small head and beady eyes, and walked about with its eight long legs, stalking along the bottom of the tank, picking up its legs very high, like a tragic actor. Then it would hurl itself backward, its legs floating round it like a ballet-dancer's skirt.

We spent a wonderful day motoring round the island. The road from the town leads up into a splendid gorge in the mountains, the Numanu Valley, a sinister place which, pleasant as it looks to-day, was once the scene of strife and lamentation. In the year 1795, in the month Kanlua, Kamehame, King of Hawaii, came to fight against Kalamikupule, Chief of Oahu. Having destroyed the town, he pursued his quarry up the lovely Numanu Valley. Kalamikupule's host thought to find shelter in the mountain fastnesses. Led by a brave chief, Kaiau, they made a gallant resistance at Laimi, but here Kaiau fell. The warriors fled further into the hills, stretching beseeching hands for help. Surely

Papa, the great Mother, hovering in the shadows of the mountains, would give them aid? But Papa's face was hidden and Wakea sent no light. Suddenly before the flying host the ground seemed to fall sheer away and before them yawned a deep precipice. Before them space, behind them a relentless enemy. The cry of the Alae bird—the bird whose cry means death—was heard that day in the hills. To-day, passers-by stay their feet and gaze down on the plain, 1,200ft. below. The wind tears through the gorge and sighs in the clefts of the rocks. The Hawaiians think the Kini-Akua, or ghosts, are calling, and hurry past the haunted place; and, indeed, it seemed to us that the weird and mournful wind sounded like the voice of a dying host.

Down and down, sliding round boulders, crossing bridges that arched from rock to rock, we wound our way into the plain below; through scattered villages where naked black babies played in the dust, watched by darkie mammies, their heads tied up in scarlet kerchiefs; past rice-fields and through groves of sugar-cane. One tree—we could not discover its name—had pale grey twisted trunks on which the shadows looked a clear mauve. Its few leaves, large and round, were some of brightest green, others of pure rose. Against the distance these fantastic groups stood out in startling contrast and looked like trees a child might paint, of impossible form and colour.

Of all the wonders of Honolulu, most touching and significant is the precious cloak of yellow feathers which now



IN THE SURF AT HONOLULU.

hangs in the museum. A rare and delicate bird, the O-O bird has about six deep yellow feathers growing on its back. If more than two or three are taken from it at once the bird dies; but so exquisite is the colour of the feathers that the ancient Kings coveted their glory and desired to be arrayed in them. So in time enough feathers were collected to weave a cloak. Months and years fled; joy and sorrow, peace and war came to the island; boys grew to manhood, mighty hunters grew old, but still the precious horde of downy gold grew and was watched by jealous guards. Spirits dwelt in the mountains, ghosts of evil powers and unknown gods of wrath, so that only the bravest dared to make raids

into the dreaded hills where the O-O bird dwelt. If the god Kukanabu spoke in the darkness of the night they would fare forth with hope; but should the Alae bird cry they fled in terror. Woven into the delicate meshes are sunrises and sunsets, hill mists and cloudless skies. The fear of the gods is there, the tireless hunt, the flight of birds. Wild things hide beneath the folds, birds and beasts fleeing before the toils of the hunter. Hope and fear are there; pain also, and success and terror, and death and bitter separation. And under the glowing carpet of feathers the foundation



FULL SPEED AHEAD.

in which the feathers rest is of the finest plaited reeds, reeds which sprang from gleaming water and rustled in shimmering waves; and when the reeds had been brought home, how many dark heads and glowing eyes bent over the folds as the princely garment grew, patiently weaving into the fibre each handful of gold garnered in the forbidden hills among the dreaded spirits. So the Kings defied the gods and flaunted in the golden glory, snatched from the mystery of the mountains by reckless hands. But from all the islands of Hawaii the O-O bird has disappeared. MAISIE MARCH PHILLIPPS.

## A SHOOTING TRIP IN THE PAMIRS AND THIAN SHAN MOUNTAINS AND BEYOND.

IN May of last year, having obtained leave from my regiment in India, I decided to make a shooting trip to the Pamirs and Thian Shan Mountains in Chinese Turkestan in quest of the numerous and beautiful wild sheep and goats which inhabit those parts, and I hoped also to obtain a specimen of the fine wapiti or Central Asian stag which has its home in the great pine-clad forests in the Celestial Mountains. It was my intention, after finishing my shooting in these parts, to trek on to Kulja, thence to Chuguehak in North-West Dzungaria in the hope of coming across ovis ammon in the foothills round about the Eib Nor (lake). I then proposed journeying to the Trans-Siberian Railway *via* Sergiopol, Semipolatsinsk and Omsk and thence to England. I made Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, my base, this being the place where all sportsmen going shooting in Kashmir start

from. In my case it was advisable to cut down baggage as much as possible, and as one can obtain most supplies in the towns passed through, I only took with me articles of food not likely to be found in Central Asian bazaars. Personally I took a couple of Westley Richards .375 magazine rifles and a twelve-bore Paradox ball and shot gun, and these I found left nothing to be desired.

All things being finally arranged and my kit packed on board my dunga or small house-boat, we left our moorings in the picturesque Chenar Bagh on May 15th and drifted quietly down the Jhelum River, the main thoroughfare of Srinagar, with its rickety wooden houses and gilded mosques and its shawl merchants and wood-carvers' shops on either side, on into the Wular Lake bound for Bandipur on the other side of the Lake. By employing extra men we reached this place

early next morning. Here Rahima, my shikari, had made arrangements for pony transport, which was ready on our arrival. These were to take our baggage over the Tragbal Pass and, if possible, the Burzil Pass as well, four marches further on, should it be reported as sufficiently free from snow. Crossing the Tragbal we had an unfortunate mishap, when one of the baggage animals, losing its footing on the snow, fell some distance and was killed. We fortunately managed to save the baggage.

Our route was *via* Gurais, the Burzil Pass, Godhai, Gilgit, the Kaujut Valley to Merenski. At Gurais we heard that the Burzil Pass was not yet practicable for laden animals, so we were obliged to change to coolie transport. This Pass is not difficult if crossed in good weather and, after being delayed a day at Burzil Chantis through inclement weather, we crossed the next night under the light of a good moon. Reaching Godhai the next morning we changed again to pony transport, which had been ordered from Astor to meet us there.



THE LOSS OF A PONY AND BAGGAGE IN FORDING THE MUZART RIVER.



Space prevents me from enlarging upon the wild grandeur of the Kaujut Valley, the scene of many raids and inter-tribal warfare in bygone days. In seven days from Hunza we reached the foot of the Kilik Pass, which leads on to the Pamirs. Here we had ordered yaks to meet us, the yak being the beast of burden commonly used on the Pamirs. I stayed on the Pamirs for ten days to shoot ovis poli, and then made tracks for Kashgar, eleven marches distant. On the way we crossed the Chichiklik Pass with pony transport. The Pass was very rocky and broken up, and we had some difficulty, the ponies becoming very exhausted, and a snow blizzard which sprang up did not help matters.

From Kashgar to Aksu we employed two Chinese carts, called arabas, for ourselves and our baggage. We travelled by night and slept by day, the heat being very trying. In parts we found the water very brackish, and boiling it for making tea did not entirely take away the salty taste. We were glad to reach Aksu, quite a large Chinese town, where dwells a Dotai and an Amban, important Chinese officials. Up till now I had successfully avoided a Chinese dinner—a treat to be avoided if possible. But here I could not escape with dignity and had to accept. I was sorry for several days afterwards that I did so. Only the strongest of insides can stand a Chinese dinner without ill effects. At Aksu we stayed four days, and here we hired twelve ponies and a few extra ones with four pony-men who, with their ponies, would go with us to the Thian Shan Mountains and stay with us while we did our shooting and until we arrived in Kulja.

Four marches north of Aksu we entered the Muzart Valley, which leads up to the Muzart Pass. This pass we crossed three days later. On the sixth march out from Aksu we had the



SHIKARI RAHIMA AND AN ARGALI RAM.

work, as the current was rapid, and there were moments of suspense while one watched all one's worldly possessions in mid-stream. However, we managed to get all the ponies across safely except one, which, becoming detached from the others, lost its footing and was swept down stream. The baggage was lost and the pony, although we managed to get it out, did not recover, in spite of attempts at artificial respiration.

The Muzart Pass was negotiated without incident with pony transport. Ascending it was slow and not easy work for the ponies, as the Aksu side consists for the most part of a great glacier, up which one has to go, and it is very much crevassed. The descent on the Kulja side is easy. On the Kulja side the vegetation was very luxurious as compared with that on the Aksu side, where it is conspicuous by its absence, and we had to carry forage for our animals up to here. From



ASIATIC WAPITI SHOT IN THE THIAN SHAN MOUNTAINS.

Muzart River to cross with pony transport. Owing to recent rain the river had become very swollen, and Rahima advised waiting until the following day before crossing; but not wishing to delay a day, I decided to try and cross. We spent two hours looking for a likely spot for a ford, and eventually discovered a place where the water did not come up above the saddle flaps. We therefore decided to attempt a crossing. It was difficult



HELPING LADEN PONIES DOWN A DIFFICULT PLACE.  
On the right the Agiass River, 500 feet below.

near the top of the pass the Tekkes River has its sources. It flows through the broad, grassy plains of the Tekkes to Kulja, after which it changes its name to the Ili River and finally empties itself into Lake Balkash.

Having arrived in the Thian Shan in the midst of happy hunting grounds, it was decided, first of all, to go after Ovis karelini or Ovis Littledalei. We trekked through the Tekkes country to Kara Golan, and then turned off into the mountains again, making for a place called Karagai Tash. One day, while crossing an easy pass on the way there, Rahima stopped suddenly and pointed to some small objects far away up the hillside. We soon had our glasses on them, but they had already seen us and were on the move. However, before they had disappeared we had time to see that they were karelini, and that there was at least one good head in the herd. So, as soon as they were out of sight, we started off up the rocky hillside towards the place where they had disappeared over into the next nullah. They were not very alarmed, and had not gone far, for when we reached the crest above where they had crossed, looking over very

carefully, there they were, not a hundred yards off. How I hoped I would shoot straight! But it was hard to miss at that range. I fired, and heard the bullet "thud." "Ah shabash!" from Rahima, and he was off down the hillside at a furious pace, regardless of rocks and everything but the karelini. I followed at a slower pace. "Al-lah! Al-lah!" Rahima was saying, as he spanned the horns with his hands. How delightful to have a really keen shikari! For this and other reasons he made an excellent companion, and round the camp fire in the evening he was never at a loss for a story. Together we cut off the head and as much meat as we could carry, and started off happily down the hill to camp.

Some days later, not finding much to shoot in Karagai Tash, we crossed over to the head waters of the Kok Su nullah, where we saw several of Littledale's sheep, and I managed to bag three or four more specimens. This nullah was very rugged and broken



HEAD OF AN OVIS AMMON KARELINI.

up, making stalking easy. The game was not very hard to find, and in the early mornings they would come out into the open wherever the grazing was good. Then it was best to wait until they went off to lie up for the day in the ground among the rocks.

One day, while following up a karelini which I had wounded in Kok Su, we came across the pug marks of a leopard which



THE SNOW LEOPARD SHOT IN KOK SU NULLAH.

seemed also to be following the tracks of the wounded karelini. Leopards and bears are fairly common in the Thian Shan, and several times we also came upon the pug marks of tiger. We followed the tracks of the karelini until we lost them on some rocky ground, and we were casting about to try and pick them up again, when Rahima saw a tail of a snow-leopard wagging underneath a rock. By throwing stones we managed to make him bolt, and he was accounted for with a bullet as he made off down hill. He proved to have a very fine long coat.

Two days later we left the Kok Su Valley and trekked back through the Tekkes country, making for the Agiass Valley, which was about four days distant, and where I hoped to obtain a specimen or two of the fine Thian Shan ibex, which, of all the species of ibex, carries the finest head to be found anywhere, and whose horns run up to sixty inches in length. The broken, rocky ground that they live on facilitates stalking, and although fifty-inch heads were not to be found every day, the ibex were extremely numerous. Indeed, in their numbers there often lay the difficulty of bringing off a successful stalk. We sometimes encountered herds of two hundred, and once one of over three hundred strong. Without much hard work I managed to bag four heads over fifty inches in ten days, and as we

saw several more carrying horns over fifty inches in length, one was led to suppose that anything under fifty inches was scarcely worth while shooting.

By the time I had bagged five ibex, September had arrived, and it was decided to trek again down the Tekkes Valley to the Jirgalan Valley, distant about a six days' journey—for wapiti

or Central Asian stag. From various reports, they usually begin calling about the second week in September. This stag is much shot by the Kazak and Kalmak inhabitants, many of whom possess breach-loading rifles of Russian manufacture. The horns of the stag have a medicinal value among the inhabitants, and they are shot when in velvet as well as when full grown, very high prices being paid for a good pair of horns. This has reduced their numbers greatly, and a good head is hard to find. But in the calling season one might bag two good heads in a fortnight if one were fortunate, especially if—as in my case—one can secure the services of a local man who can imitate well the call of the wapiti.

It was with mutual regrets that, in the second week of October, Rahima and I left the Thian Shan to trek on alone to Kulja and on through Siberia to the Trans-Siberian Railway. In the foothills of the Kabyrgan Mountains, due south of the Eib Nor, we came across the true Altai ovis ammon, and I was fortunate in bagging a specimen. The colour of the horns and of the hair on the face was considerably darker than that of the ovis ammon which I had shot in the Thian Shan. Near the Eib Nor, one of the smaller Central Asian salt lakes, we came across tracks of wild horses but did not see any; the country round about here is desolate in the extreme, there is scant vegetation, the soil being of a hard gravel nature, and there are no trees and no fuel.

In due course we reached the Russo-Chinese frontier town of Chuguchak and, after a stay of three days there, during which time the Russian Consul and his wife entertained me very hospitably, we started off on our seven hundred and fifty miles sleigh journey through Siberia to Omsk. W. R. READ.



ASIATIC WAPITI SHOT IN BURRA JIRGALAN NULLAH.

## THE AMBULATORY, CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.

THE old and picturesque City of Chartres, lying some forty miles away from Paris, is not only renowned for the number and variety of its carved and timbered houses, but also for its world-famed cathedral with the finest spires in all the fair land of France. Seen from the low-lying portions of the city where the sluggish Eure lazily winds its way through the timbered houses lining its banks, the towers, spires and symmetrical proportions of the great cathedral rising high above the clustered red roofs of the town, form an imposing and impressive picture. But glorious as is the cathedral outside, the interior is superlatively beautiful. Of all the wondrous beauties there, the pearl of all is surely the superb screen that divides the choir from the ambulatory aisles, which is covered with flamboyant and Renaissance carvings of the

greatest elaboration and daring, and in the finest preservation. Here are always many artists trying to perpetuate the elusive mysteriousness of the ever-increasing gloom in the distant shadows, and the rainbow light that comes radiating through ancient painted glass that is unrivalled for its exquisite mellowness, brilliancy and purity of colour. The beauty and charm of this part of the cathedral are often greatly enhanced from the artistic point of view by the presence of many picturesque peasants who come in for a brief moment from the busy market-place to offer up a prayer to their patron saint. This finely carved screen inspired the well known lines

written by one of our most poetical architectural painters, the late Sir Wyke Bayliss :

A forest of tall pillars, autumn stained  
Purple and russet gray, through which there glows  
A crimson splendour when the day hath waned  
And the great orb goes down in calm repose ;  
High through the vaulted darkness the great Rose  
Drifts like a setting sun beyond a zone  
Of silvery light where a pale window shows  
The story of Christ's passion writ in stone.

JAMES SHAW.



James Shaw.

THE AMBULATORY AND SCREEN, CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.

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## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## THE SECRET SONG.

BY  
IOLO ANEURIN WILLIAMS.



half the countries of Europe. There were five of us, Adrian Hascombe, the teller and singer of the said tales and songs, my brother and his wife, my wife and myself.

Hascombe was a loosely built man of some six feet high, with an unruly head of fair hair, which always gave one the impression of having been cut by a singularly inefficient artist, and a face of a peculiar rugged and unsymmetrical beauty. His personality was impressive and acute, and it could surprise no one to learn that he was famous among a motley collection of poets, musicians, antiquaries and folk-loreists scattered all over the world. He knew a good deal of a good many subjects, but on one subject, folk-song, he was the supreme authority.

When he had sung us perhaps a couple of dozen songs, I asked him when his great collection of European folk songs was to be published.

"This year," he said. "It will contain all the most beautiful of my finds, all, that is, except the one most beautiful tune in the world."

"And are we not to be allowed to hear that one?" asked my brother. Hascombe became very grave. "No," he said, "I believe only two men in Europe can sing that tune, and I hope to God they will be the last to know it. However, if you like, I will tell you its story."

This was what he told us.

It happened about ten years ago in North Germany, where the dense forests of Pomerania come right down to the shore of the Baltic Sea. I was tramping the land in search of songs and legends. Progress was difficult, for the country was covered with snow and the weather was bitterly cold. I had one very pleasant and successful evening at the village inn of Garnstad, a lonely hamlet about ten miles from the coast. The peasants were friendly, interested and eager to sing to me. My best find that night was a singularly delicate and charming little song, typical in sentiment of the timorous humanity of those desolate parts. I will just sing you a verse of it:

Come to my bonfire,  
Which breaks like a flower,  
Lone in the forest  
This wintry hour.  
Spring will bring blossoms  
The forest to fill;  
But now is the snow  
And the wolf from the hill.

Is it not a delightful little melody? It ran in my head as I went to sleep that night. I slept soundly and comfortably, though my bed was but rough, for I was both weary and healthy, and weariness and health are the best sleeping draughts I know. Next morning I set out through the pine trees for a solitary inn lying between the forest and the sea. I had been told that the landlord was a famous old singer, and I was keen to interview him.

The going was pretty bad all through the forest, and, owing to missing the track and retracing my steps a good many times, I did not get to my destination till some six o'clock in the evening. Only one incident relieved that day of stumbling through snow and pine forest. It chanced about midday that I was on a fairly broad and well marked track, so that I walked along without keeping any sharp look-out. Suddenly I found myself faced by a most strange figure of a man. He was tall and thin, with soft blue eyes and long, black hair that suited them remarkably ill. His cheeks were hollow, and his chin and lips clean-shaven. His clothes were chiefly of fur, though he wore a jacket of some corduroy material. Over all was a broad-brimmed green hat and a long, ragged, green cloak, such a cloak as Robin Hood might have worn, only that this particular one had the appearance of being green by age and not of set purpose. I fancied he eyed me rather carefully, perhaps even covetously, for, though I am not an especially smart person, I looked something like a Brummel in that poverty-stricken country.

"Good day," said the stranger.

"Good day," said I.  
"You are going far to-day?"  
I told him my destination.

"I know the place well," said he; "you will sleep there soundly, and you will find old Gaspar, the host, a pleasant man."—"Though rough," he added as an afterthought, and indeed he himself, grim as he looked yet did not seem to be of the ordinary peasant stock.

The man in the cloak obviously intended to talk to me for a while, and I was ready enough for a rest from my tramp, so, by way of carrying on the conversation, I said, "I am told Gaspar is a fine singer. Indeed, it is for that I go to his inn to-night."

"You are fond of singing?"

"I search Europe for new, or rather for old, songs," I replied, although to no one else should I have put the matter so bluntly. I felt, however, that for some reason he would understand me.

"Old Gaspar has songs, many of them," said the man in the cloak, "but no music. It is only in the forest that there is music."

"Meaning—?"

"The birds, the birds . . . and others."

"Perhaps you yourself know the music of the forest?"

He smiled, kept silence a moment, and then admitted: "I hum a little sometimes—to the wolves." Not another word to the point would he say, so, after a minute or two, I said that I must be going upon my way, and I wished him good-bye.

"Good-bye," said he, "you will learn songs from old Gaspar, but if you hear music, it will be from the forest. Perhaps the birds singing upon your window-sill." With that he stepped to one side and walked off among the pines. This, as I have said, was the only incident of my day-long tramp to the inn by the sea.

I found old Gaspar's tavern a mighty rough place, in about the wildest and dreariest situation imaginable. However, Gaspar himself was, like Old King Cole, "a jolly old soul," and made up for much.

A substantial meal of beer, bread and salt pork was provided for me, and after it I joined the circle round the fire. There were there three or four peasants, the hostess and the host, who sang to us many songs, usually more jovial than beautiful. Songs of drinking they were, for the most part, and some songs of far less reputable pursuits. About half-past nine the last of the peasants had started off home, for distances are long and ways foul in Pomerania. Gaspar plainly intended to sing no more that night, but seemed disposed to chat.

In that last hour, over the dying fire, the old innkeeper told me many curious fables of the countryside, but most of all he interested me when he told me the local belief in an evil spirit of sleep. From time to time, he said, robberies were committed, sometimes even murders, and always when the people in the house were asleep. When they woke it was invariably with a sense that they had begun to hear some strange air but had dropped off to sleep in the middle of it.

"Do you believe this yourself?" I asked him.

"I do not know," he replied, "but there are many strange things in the forest, and perhaps even this one."

Soon after I went up to bed, leaving Gaspar and his wife in the inn parlour, settling the house for the night. I was soon undressed and in bed. I did not, however, immediately put out my light, but lay looking over the tunes that I had noted that evening in my pocket-book. Suddenly I heard a voice singing very softly outside in the night. Before the voice had sung half a dozen notes I felt that the tune was such an one as I had never before heard. Owing to my long years of song collecting, I believe that I listen to a tune as very few people can do. I can subdue my emotional personality entirely and listen merely intellectually, and, indeed, I find that the only method of noting a tune correctly. One can keep one's intellect free from associations, but not one's emotions. Often I am unaware whether a tune that I have just written down is beautiful or ugly. As far as I know, there are only two or three people in the world who listen to music in this way. Yet even I had a

struggle to keep free from the spell of that tune. It rose and fell, leaped and crept along smoothly, as no other tune ever did. Its intervals were those of no known key or mode. Only by the greatest effort of will could I force myself to go on jotting down the notes. Three times the voice sang the air through, each time with minute variations. I believe those variations saved me, for they were enough to fix my mind entirely on the notes and to keep me desperately writing in my book—writing for my life.

Then the voice stopped and I heard someone working at the front door lock. In a minute or two he got it open. At that I slipped out of bed and got to that part of the room which gave me the best view of my bedroom door. There was only one guest-room in the inn, and the visitor, after going for a moment into the parlour, came upstairs and straight to my door. He appeared to listen a moment, during which I kept as still as a mouse is supposed to keep. Then he put some instrument into the rude lock of my room, turned it without effort and pushed the door open. It was the man of the green cloak, the man whom I had met in the forest. He carried a knife in his mouth, otherwise he was exactly as I had seen him that morning. For a moment he seemed staggered to see me standing there fully conscious. Then he took the dagger from his mouth, put it in his belt and smiled at me. After a moment he said, "I did not think you were so clever. I congratulate you, for you are the first."

With that he shut the door, walked briskly downstairs and out of the inn. I heard the front door close behind him. Instantly I went down to the parlour, and saw there old Gaspar and his wife sitting in a deep sleep. I stepped forward, thinking to wake them, and then hesitated. Just at that moment the same voice sounded again, singing outside the inn. It only sang one phrase, a sweep up and down; but that phrase contained in it all the spirit and essence of freedom. It was such a phrase as that at the end of the old ballad of Binnorie, when the refrain comes:

Bonny St. Johnstone stands on Tay.

It was the song of liberation, the breaking of the spell. At the sound of it the old man and his wife began to move, and I slipped back to my room as fast as possible. Had they waked to find me there, what could they have thought?

Hascombe stopped, and for a minute or so we all kept silence. Then my brother said, "Did you do nothing, make no effort to trace the villain?"

My brother sits on the county bench, and has a sense of duty.

"No," said Hascombe, "nothing. It was none of my business, and I hate a man who meddles with other folks' affairs."

## THE NEW AQUARIUM AT BERLIN.

By P. CHALMERS-MITCHELL.

THE Zoological Gardens at Berlin are now more plainly in the town than are ours in Regent's Park. Once upon a time they were a corner railed off from the sandy wooded tract known as the Thiergarten, but the city with its streets and tramways has come up to them on three sides. In London, at the urgent request of the authorities, we make ourselves as invisible as possible from the outside, and waste a valuable part of our small area by planting a wide thicket round our boundaries. In Berlin tall buildings rise sheer from the pavement, and it is only here and there, through the gates, as through the archway of a college quadrangle, that you can see the green interior with its flowers and trees and pavilions. The boundary of the Bronx Zoological Park at New York is an open fence of square-meshed netting, through which the bison invite visitors to come in, or, at least, so it was seven years ago when I saw it. By now 500th Street (or whatsoever its number may be), no longer a country lane, may have become a row of palaces. Certainly in a confined area the massing of the necessary buildings round the margin saves the central space, gives the greatest possible stretch of vistas within, and lends itself to other practical advantages. Not long ago a new restaurant was built to serve the Berlin Gardens. It was constructed with a double front, facing the public street and the gardens, with entrances on both sides, so that it was possible to make it one of the most sumptuous restaurants in modern Berlin, and not a mere tea and luncheon place for visitors to the menagerie. The new aquarium has been constructed on the same lines. It can be entered independently from the street and from the Gardens, and so can be used after dark when the Gardens are closed. The building, which serves as an aquarium, reptile-house and insect-house, is said to have cost, with its equipment and fittings, nearly fifty thousand pounds. It is a palace of stone, three stories high, and flanked by a tall water-tower. The Insectarium on the top floor and the Reptile Galleries on the second floor are attractive and well arranged, and the compartments for the reptiles, lighted like aquarium tanks, are most effective. The contrivance most new to me was an arrangement by which a strong circular beam of electric light was directed on the floor of each of the compartments for the snakes, and it was astonishing to see how the snakes had found out this patch of warmth and vivid light, and lay

coiled on it in writhing masses, as in tropical sunlight. The aquarium occupies the whole of the ground floor, and is the best equipped and most conveniently arranged of any that I have seen in Europe. One end is traversed by a wide lobby passing from the street entrance to the garden entrance. The three remaining sides of the oblong site are traversed by the public part of the aquarium shaped like an inverted "U," the two limbs of which opened into the lobby. It is about twenty-four feet wide, with a low, vaulted ceiling; and although provision is made for a faint light from lamps in the roof, the passage is dark except for the light shining through the tanks that line it on both sides. The tanks round the outer walls have a service passage behind them, and are flooded with daylight from large windows in the outer walls of the whole building. The tanks on the inner sides of the public passage enclose a central space, which is both a service passage and a reservoir room. This space is entirely shut off from daylight, and is illuminated by electric light. It did not surprise me to find that these tanks were even more beautifully illuminated and their contents displayed with a more shining splendour; at night, when even the daylight tanks had to depend on electricity, the effect was extraordinarily good. But it was a new idea to me that fresh water and sea-water plants and animals could thrive in a situation in which they had to depend night and day on artificial light, and yet this had been going on for months, and from every point of view the balance seemed to be in favour of the electric light. Apart from its scientific interest, this feature of the Berlin aquarium removed from my mind one of the difficulties in the way of the aquarium which we hope to construct under the Mappin Terraces at Regent's Park as soon as funds are available. Along the outer side of the curve we could have all the daylight that is requisite; but the inner side, deep under the bears' terraces, is another matter.

Round the outer curve of the aquarium passage are arranged large tanks, the window of each being about three feet from the floor and eight feet long by five feet high. Each is recessed about a foot from the wall, the sill forming a shelf on which the descriptions and labels are placed. In all there are some twenty of these large tanks. The inner wall is divided into equi-sized recessed bays, each about eight feet by five and three feet from the ground, and subdivided so as to give two or four smaller tanks. Half of the total number of tanks, large and small, are devoted to marine creatures; half are inhabited by plants and animals of fresh water. In modern aquaria the same water is used over and over again, and most elaborate arrangements, practically identical in the case of sea water and fresh water, are required for filtering, aeration and circulation. Of the total body of water in the system, about one-fifth at any moment is in the show tanks, the other four-fifths in the storage and filtering chambers. The water in each show tank is completely changed in the course of each twenty-four hours, so that it is in actual use for one day, and in process of being cleaned and aerated for four days before it comes into use again. The show tanks are fed from two great reservoirs, one for fresh water, one for sea water, placed as high as possible above the aquarium, in the water-tower, in the case of the Berlin. From these it descends to pipes which run round the service passages and supply the show tanks by graduated nozzles. There is also a direct service of fresh water from the ordinary water mains, so that, apart from the body of water in circulation, fresh water may be poured into each tank direct, to restore the loss from evaporation. The water led off from the tanks passes through a series of chambers, in which it is filtered in various ways, and in which, to a certain extent, it is aerated, and finally reaches very large low-level reservoirs, from which it is pumped up to the high-level tanks again. There is also a system of pipes by which compressed air is led to each tank and bubbled into it through rose nozzles. The air compressors and all the pumps are worked by small electric motors arranged in couples, so that at any moment, if there is a breakdown, another motor can be switched on. Finally, there is a hot water system passing round the service passage, from which coils can be applied to tanks in which a higher temperature is required, as in the case of the tropical fresh-water fish.

The tanks were decorated in various ways to form suitable backgrounds for their inhabitants. In some cases the glass side furthest from the spectator was tinted a pale green, and gave the impression of an endless width of water. More often rockwork backgrounds were arranged with hollows and arches, in which fishes that like concealment could lurk. The bottoms and foreground were covered with sand, or pebbles, or mud. One very attractive large tank had the slender branching skeletons of hydroids fixed in the bottom, like leafless shrubs, and sea-horses (Hippocampus) swam through the branches or clung to them with their prehensile tails. On the fresh water side a double tank was arranged like a set of pools in a trout stream. There was a background of real firs and ferns overhanging the black rocks lining two sides of the tank. At one end a cascade of water tumbled into a wide pool, and from the shallow lip which formed the edge of this upper pool the water trickled down into a second and third pool. The circulation was maintained by a small electric motor, and the trout looked as happy as if they were in a Devonshire stream.

R. L. Stevenson, in the "Inland Voyage," wrote that "it did not affect fish, except when cooked in sauce," and those who know the inhabitants of fresh water and sea water can



when they are reposing on a fishmonger's slab or mouldering in one of the old-fashioned, badly lighted aquaria of the past, may well share his opinion. But it is impossible to exaggerate the beauty and interest of a well lighted and well equipped modern installation. Sea fisheries are one of the great industries of England, and our streams and lakes are still rich with attractive animals and plants, and it is a great misfortune that London

should have been so long without a good aquarium. Thanks to the generosity of the late Mr. Newton Mappin, we have a structure at the London Zoological Gardens which only wants fitting up with tanks and apparatus to make a first-rate aquarium. Modern equipment, however, is costly, and I think that we ought to wait until we are in a position to do things as well as they can be done.

## AN EXCURSION AMONG THE STATUTES.



PUFFING OUT HER FEATHERS.

ANY lover of the open air whom accident may confine within doors will find both instruction and entertainment should he make up his mind to roam at large among the statutes of the realm. The preamble of an ancient Act of Parliament, while

setting forth the reasons for legislation, often discloses much that is interesting as to bygone social conditions and shows us in what light our forefathers regarded questions, which still exercise our minds. Full of half-forgotten words and quaint phrases, now retained only in rural dialects, the reader can fancy himself exploring some remote village while sitting in his easy chair.

For it often deals with familiar questions but reveals them under other considerations and amid other circumstances. To-day, when every old door that shuts upon a village street is pasted with warnings against the destruction of the birds of the air and their eggs, it is like picking a rare flower,

digging up a scarce fossil or catching a glimpse of wings almost extinct to come across perhaps the earliest effort of its kind: 25 H. VIII.:

AN ACTE TO  
AVOYDE DIS-  
TRUCTION  
OF WYLD FOWLE.

Where before this time there hath ben within this realme great plentie of wyldfowle, as duckes, mallardes, wigeons, teales, wyldgeese, and dyvers other kindes of wyldfowle whereby not onely the Kinges mooste honourable householde, but also the houses



A BITTERN'S NEST AND EGGS.



of the noble men and prelatys of this realme, have been furnished for the necessary expenses of the same houses at convenient pryces, but also al markets of the same realme were sufficiently furnished with wyldfowle, there to be sold in such wyse, that suche as were mete to make provision of the same for their houses, might at reasonable pryces, at the same markets be thereof provided. Nevertheless dyvers persons nexte inhabitinge in the countreys and places within this realme, where the substance of the same wyldfowle hath been accustomed to brede,



BITTERN ON THE NEST.

have in the summer season, atte suche tyme as the said ode fowle be mowed and not replenished with feathers to flye, nor the young fowle fully feathered perfectlye to flye, have by certain nettis and other injines and policies yearly taken great numbre of the same fowle, in suche wyse, that the brode of wyldfowle is almoost thereby wasted and consumed, and daily is like more and more to waste and consume, if remedye be not therefor provided: Be it therefore enacted by the Kyng our Soverayne lorde, by thassent of the lordes spiritual and temporall and the commons in this present parlyament assembled and by the auctorytie of the same that it shall not be lawfull to any person or persones hereafter betwene the last day of Maye and the laste daye of Ayguste to take or cause to be taken any suche wyldfowle with nettes or any other injins upon payne of one yeres prisonment and to forfayt for every fowle so taken iiiid. The one halfe thereof to be to the King our soverayn lorde and the other half to hym that wyl sue for the same by action of dette in any of the Kynges Courts; and in the whyche action none essoynne nor protection shall be allowed nor wager of law receyved.

A "yere" and fourpence seems much for a "wyldgoose" let alone a "teale" even with the final e. The last sentence defies both evasion and the law's delay. "Essoyne" was the making of an excuse for non-appearance—such as that the accused was on a pilgrimage or away on the King's service. Protection was a writ of immunity from all suits of law given by the King to one about to pass over the sea in his service. And wager of law was the giving of sureties by a defendant that, on a given date, he would take oath in open court that he did now own the debt and bring with him eleven neighbours to swear on their souls that they believed him to speak the truth. There was evidently no loophole in respect of the fourpence. And the fourpence looms very big when considered in relation to the following exception in favour of:

Any gentylman or any other that may dispense XL shilling by the yere of freeholde—to hunt and take such wyldfowle with their Spaniels only, without usynge any nette or other gins for the same, except it be a long bowe or longe bowes.

It thus appears that archery was not altogether ineffective

against birds on the wing. The penalty for taking eggs was even more severe:

Frome the fyrste daye of Marche, whyche shall be in the yere of our lorde God M.D. XXXIII unto the last day of June then nexte ensuyng, and so yerly from thensforth, no maner of persone or persones shall presume by daye or nyght, wyllyngly to withdrawe, purloine, take, destroye or conveye any maner of egges of any kinds of wyldfowle, from or in any neste, place or places, where they shall chance to be layde by any kynde of the same wyldfowle, upon payne of imprisonment for one yere and to lese and forfayte for every egge of any crane or bustarde, so destroyed, purloyned, withdrawe, conveyed or taken from any neste or place XX pence. And for every egge of every bittour, Heronne, or shovelarde VIII d, and for every egge of every mallard tele or other wyldfowle, one penny. Half to King etc. etc.

Provided always that this acte extende not, nor be hurtefull at any tyme hereafter to any persone or persons that destroye any crows chowghes ravens and boosardes or theyr egges nor any other fowle or theyr egges, not comestible nor used to be eaten.

Of the twentypenny, or even the eightpenny, birds here mentioned none remain to us to-day but the heron, by rural folk now commonly misnamed a crane. With the draining of flats and fens they have disappeared. No doubt the bittern, which still breeds in the Netherlands, occasionally nests in Norfolk, and would do so to a greater extent if it were never shot. Broads and fens might still afford the necessary solitude, and both old birds and young, if left alone, would breed on the following season in the locality of a successful nest. But the bittern is of distinguished appearance, with neck and breast clad in long feathers of ochreous yellow, richly barred with black and rufous brown. So, alas! our occasional early spring guests with their progeny, find their way to the stuifer and the glass case.

The nesting habits of the bittern have many points of interest. They love a marshy country, plentifully covered with reeds, among which they choose a hidden and not easily accessible site, and build a flat nest of dead sedge. They



ALL BUT INVISIBLE.

move out of sight among the tall reeds and rushes, and never willingly take flight by day. A sitting bird is very unwilling to move, but depends for safety upon her perfect adaptation to her environment. The buffs and browns of the plumage harmonise so closely with pale spears of reeds and broken blades of flags that she may easily be passed unnoticed. She offers one of the most wonderful instances

in Nature of an acquired protective habit, for she sits with neck raised, head held back and beak erect, so that she blends, both in form and colour, with the surrounding perpendicular stems. At other times she will take her ease, puff out her feathers, seem to sprawl over her nest and alternately spread each wing. Yet she still holds her head erect. Both these attitudes are so clearly displayed in the accompanying photographs of a sitting bittern that any description becomes not merely inadequate but superfluous. The bittern, however, is not without defence against the intruder. She trusts, with reason, to her very formidable beak, with which she will strike with really amazing rapidity and force. The bird here shown struck a staff held toward her, and not only

incubation. When the young are hatched it ceases. It was always held to be an ominous and unlucky bird, and an old saying has it that if a bittern should fly over your head you may as well go home and make your will. The sound is so much like the bellowing of a bull that it obtained for the bird the local name of "bull o' the bog." It is a double boom, the first caused during inhalation and the latter, which is longer, by the expulsion of the breath. So loud is the sound that when first heard it seems scarcely credible that it can be caused by a bird. It was once universally believed that the bittern was an instrumentalist, and produced this prodigious sound by inserting his beak in a reed. This belief, however, has gone with strange ideas, as, for instance,



AN ANGRY BITTERN ON THE NEST.

splintered the wood, but brought blood to her beak. Yet she did not rise from her eggs.

To most of us the bittern is chiefly associated with the lines of Goldsmith

Among thy glades, a solitary guest,  
The hollow sounding bittern guards his nest.

Certainly the booming of the bittern is a weird and dismal sound. It generally begins with the coming of dusk and goes on into the night, during the period of mating and

the hibernation of the swallow at the bottom of a deep pool.

Some naturalists have affirmed that the bittern never booms by day. That he may be heard sometimes even at noon may easily be proved by any who will loiter, without regard to time, in the vicinity of a nest. The recommendation of the cookery book, "First catch your hare," might be changed to "First find your bittern." The patient photographer who took these pictures heard the boom many times during the day.

WALTER RAYMOND.

## IN THE GARDEN.

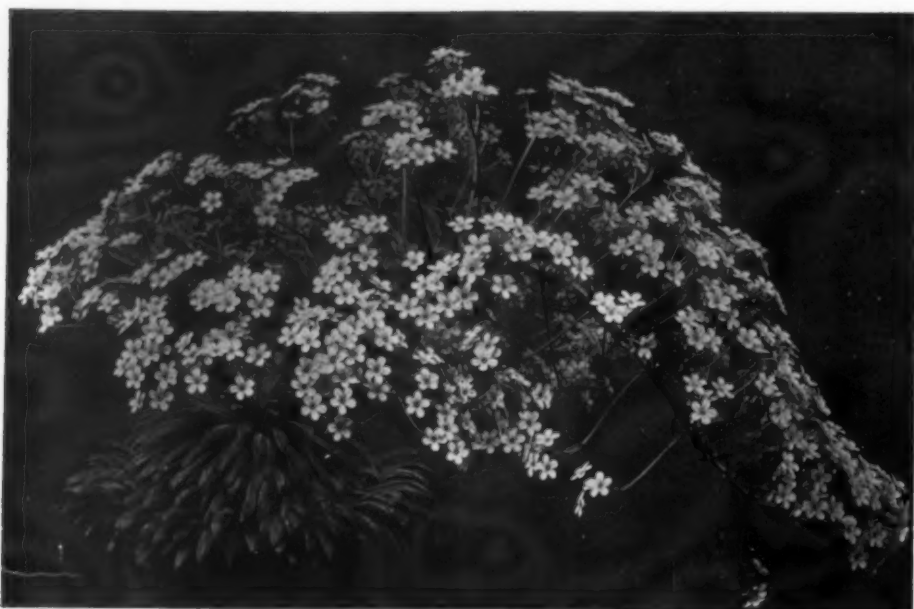
### EARLY FLOWERING SAXIFRAGES.

**S**AXIFRAGES or Rockfoils comprise a wide range of beautiful and interesting plants, most of which are of the easiest cultivation. One has only to make a few comparisons to realise the great diversity of forms that exist among Saxifrages. For instance, the genus includes dwarf mountain species like *Saxifraga aizoides*, native of the mountain rills of Scotland, and *S. cordifolia*, the Giant Rockfoil of Siberia. Other contrasts may readily be found among *S. sancta*, a dense tufted species from Mount Athos; the pyramidal *S. Cotyledon* of the Alps; *S. peltata*, the Umbrella Plant of California, one of the largest species of the genus; *S. sarmentosa*, known by a variety of names, including Mother of Thousands, Aaron's Beard, Creeping Sailor and Wandering Jew, often seen in sitting-rooms or as basket plants in cottage porches; and last, but not least, the ever-popular London Pride (*S. umbrosa*), which in some parts of the country still retains the name of None So Pretty.

So great is the variety that one might have a garden of Saxifrages alone, and even then have flowers for the greater part of the year. The earliest flowering Saxifrages are for the most part true alpine, and it is to these that special attention is now drawn, for they are indispensable to the rock garden in spring.

***Saxifraga apiculata*.**—This is well known to be one of the earliest to flower, and even when not in flower its dense foliage, carpeting bare ground and clothing rocks and banks in summer and winter, makes it in every way a desirable plant for the rock garden. The flowers are pale yellow and borne in the greatest profusion from the early days of March till the end of April. It occurs wild in the Pyrenees, but is thought to be a hybrid between *S. rocheliana* and *S. sancta*. Like the last named, which is also a desirable early Saxifrage, it is classed among the Spiny Saxifrages. It is not likely to become scarce in cultivation, for it grows with great freedom and appears to be quite capable of taking care of itself. It shows preference for a limestone soil and is well suited for the sunny side of the rock garden. The white variety, *alba*, is worthy of special note.





THE PYRENEAN ROCKFOIL, SAXIFRAGA LONGIFOLIA MAGNIFICA.

A BEAUTIFUL MOSSY ROCKFOIL, SAXIFRAGA PEDEMONTANA CERVICORNIS.  
A native of Sardinia and Corsica.

SAXIFRAGA GRISEBACHII, A RATHER RARE ROCKFOIL FROM THE BALKANS.

**S. Boydii.**—This rather scarce plant is said to be a hybrid from *S. burseriana* and *S. aretioides*. The round yellow flowers rise an inch or so above the cushion-like growths. The variety *alba* has pure white flowers and is greatly cherished by all lovers of Alpine plants. Faldon-side is a comparatively new variety, with clear yellow flowers of good form. Flowering season, April.

**S. burseriana.**—No Saxifrage has created so much interest in recent years. It is one of the loveliest of the early flowering alpine, and bears a profusion of snow white flowers arising from very spiny tufts. There are many varieties, of which *Gloria* is the best. There is, however, great variation in the species, some varieties having much larger and better formed flowers than others. It must be given a dry position free from any trace of stagnant moisture. It may be grown in full sun or partial shade, the best position being a much discussed point.

**S. Grisebachii.**—A very distinct introduction from the Balkans. It sends up bright crimson flower spikes from small rosettes of foliage. So far it has proved difficult to cultivate, at least in many localities. It must be given a dry position, and is best when grown upon a small cone of stones. It is one of the earliest to flower, and as a rule commences to push up its bright flowering growth in February and lasts until April.

**S. Haagei.**—A hybrid of garden origin having deep yellow flowers. It forms a companion plant to the paler coloured *S. apiculata*, both flowering together and requiring similar soil and position.

**S. ligulata (Nepaul Rockfoil).**—If this species were a little hardier it would prove one of the most valuable of the large Rockfoil or Megasea section. It produces branching panicles of rosy flowers in April. In a mild spring it is a plant of rare beauty. It should be given a sheltered position on a warm sandy soil facing south.

**S. longifolia (Pyrenean Rockfoil).**—Rightly termed the "Queen of the Saxifrages," this species is one of rare and refined beauty. It should be grown in crevices between vertical rocks, so that water cannot collect in the hollow rosettes. When in bloom it is most attractive, forming a long pyramidal truss of white flowers usually in June and sometimes later. Plants collected from the mountains are often slow to produce their trusses of bloom, as they frequently remain stationary for a year or two and then give a moderate account of themselves. Seedlings, however, vary in their early growth, some running away to a precocious flowering, and others flowering after six, seven or even eight years' growth; but the stronger the rosette of leaves the better will be the inflorescence. The variety *magnifica* forms an imposing rosette, often more than a foot in diameter. The plant illustrated is believed to be about fifteen years old. As usual, the plant died after flowering and producing seeds.

**S. marginata.**—A very beautiful Italian species flowering from March till May. It is a close-growing, tufted species with pure white flowers. It is the parent of a number of early flowering hybrids, all of which, like the species, should be grown in a gritty soil on a rock sheltered ledge, where they receive the full benefit of the morning sun.



Propagation is effected by division in spring after flowering, or by cuttings taken in the summer.

**S. oppositifolia.**—A very beautiful and distinct species, and certainly not difficult to grow. It is found growing wild on the mountains of North Wales and in Scotland. It will grow in either shady or sunny positions, but it flowers far better when grown in the full sun. The flowering season is March and April. The type has purplish rose flowers, but the varieties *coccinea* and *splendens* are both richer in colour; *alba* is a fine white variety. The species is of creeping habit and requires a similar soil to that recommended for *S. apiculata*.

**S. pedemontana cervicornis.**—Few of the Mossy Saxifrages are so compact in growth and none so pretty when in flower. It is truly Alpine, and it is found in the mountains of Sardinia and Corsica, where it ascends to elevations ranging from 4,800ft. to 7,500ft. It is perfectly hardy and is not affected by cold, but rather by the mildness of our winters, which sometimes excites it into untimely growth. In winter the leaves of the dense rosettes overlap one another like the slates of a roof. The flowers are loosely arranged and borne in May. In lowland gardens they rise 4in. or 5in. from the ground, and this is about twice the height attained in their mountain homes.

**S. Wallacei.**—One of the most robust and profusely flowered species or hybrids of the Mossy section. It is so easily grown that it is used extensively as an edging in the London parks. It prefers a light soil and fairly sunny position, and produces masses of white flowers in April and May.

Although the majority of Rockfoils bloom in spring, there are others quite indispensable for later flowering. The summer-flowering *S. Cotyledon*, with robust, erect sprays from 1ft. to 4ft. long, is worthy of special mention. Of the very late flowering species, *S. Fortunei* and *S. cortusoides* will prolong the supply of bloom from August till October if given partially shaded positions and a gritty, but at the same time fairly rich and well drained soil. C. Q.

#### "BRITISH FLOWERING PLANTS."

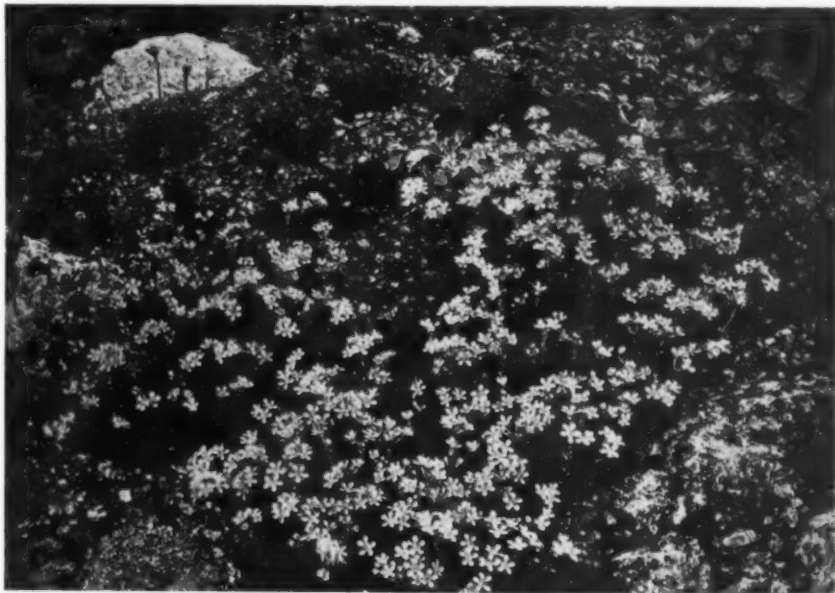
A beautiful and welcome book, "British Flowering Plants," by Mrs. Henry Perrin and Professor Boulger (Quaritch), the finest since Sowerby, is in course of publication. Two volumes out of the four have just been issued. The admirable drawings of Mrs. Henry Perrin and the text of Professor Boulger are most happily associated. Both appeal alike to the botanical student and to the general reader. The drawings are remarkable in that they not only exactly represent the subject in a way that satisfies the scientist, but that they also exhibit a fine artistic quality and that kind of personal charm that comes of an intimate sympathy with the nature and beauty of vegetation.



MOSSY SAXIFRAGA MASSED FOR EFFECT IN THE ROCK GARDEN.

It was a happy day for the general reader when men of science discovered that a learned discourse need not necessarily be dry and gritty. Here we have botanical description that, with occasional reference to the Introduction and to the Glossary of Terms, can be grasped by anyone of ordinary intelligence, while information on the life history of the plant and its ways

and properties, and the story of its names, is given in a genial and thoroughly attractive manner. Anyone who has the least sympathy with plant life and desires further instruction will read this delightful book with true pleasure, and will pass on, from family to family, gaining acquaintance with the more prominent individuals, in a way that is almost of human



SAXIFRAGA HAAGEI, A BEAUTIFUL ROCKFOIL OF GARDEN ORIGIN. Has yellow flowers which open in March.

interest. Three hundred pictures of the most characteristic of the British plants are shown and described. Only eleven of the less important out of the hundred families of plants of the British Isles are not represented. A special feature of the book is the thirty analytical plates of dissections which form clear expositions of structure and functional arrangement.

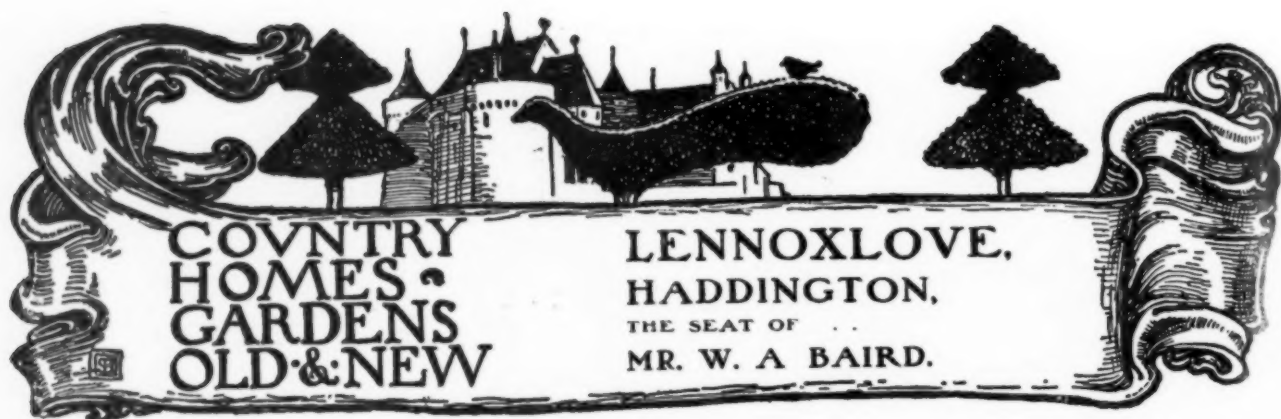
There is an admirable Introduction, such as one would like to see reprinted as a popular botanical text book for the benefit of those who have no opportunity of seeing or acquiring the whole of this beautiful work. The book appears to have been very carefully revised, though the common misspelling "soubriquet" for sobriquet has crept in, and it is regrettable that the pages are not numbered, an omission that makes reference to any desired description or illustration a needlessly tedious process. The whole production is of the high order that one has learnt to expect from Mr. Quaritch, while the colour printing of the illustrations is an eminent example of what can now be done by this process.

G. J.

#### A NARCISSUS FOR THE ROCK GARDEN.

DURING the last few weeks *Narcissus minimus* has been one of the daintiest flowers in the rock garden, and one that never failed to create interest among visitors. This is a perfect little trumpet Daffodil in every respect, yet it seldom grows more than 3in. high and the flowers are not more than three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The colour is golden yellow, and the plant is by no means difficult to grow. The bulbs, which are about the same size as those of the ordinary Snowdrop, should be purchased and planted 2in. to 3in. deep in August, giving them a well drained nook in the rock garden, where the plants will receive a little shelter from cold east winds and rains in spring, just at the time when they are flowering. This little Daffodil needs well drained loam for a rooting medium, and the bulbs should be planted in colonies of a dozen or more, according to the space available.

Isolated plants lose half their charm. It was, I believe, first found growing wild in Spain by the late Peter Barr about thirty years ago. As most of the bulbs sold now are collected from their native places, they cannot all be relied upon to flower the first year, though a good many of them do. Once established, they come up and flower year after year in many gardens, though in a few instances one hears of them dying out. H.



IT is often enough that the historian of to-day has to confess ignorance as to who built an old house or castle, but he does not carve his confession in stone. The seventeenth century was clearly unashamed of archaeological failings. Over the doorway illustrated on the opposite page is carved a Latin inscription which may be translated thus: "Whosoever of the Maitland stock it was that laid the foundations and built this tower, envious antiquity has concealed his name. John Earl of Lauderdale enlarged

the windows, made an easier stair and renewed the decorations in 1626." We are not, however, left altogether without knowledge of the early inhabitants of the castle. Sir Robert Maitland of Thirlstane acquired the lands of Lethington—Lennoxlove is a comparatively recent name—in the middle of the fourteenth century. The first builder may have been the father or grandfather of the famous scholar and poet, Sir Richard Maitland, who was born in the tower in 1496. He thus sings its praises:

Thy tour & fortres, lairge and  
lang,  
Thy neighbours does excell;  
And for thy wallis thick and  
strang  
Thou graittly beirs the bell.  
Thy groundis deep, and topis  
hie,  
Uprising in the air,  
Thy vaultis pleasing are to see,  
They are so greit and fair.

Greit was the work to houke  
the ground  
And thy foundation cast;  
Bot greater it was then to  
found,  
And end thee at the last.  
I marvel that he did not feir,  
Wha raised thee on hicht,  
That na foundation should thee  
beir,  
Bot thou should sink for wecht.  
Sir Richard's wonder is  
not unreasonable, for the  
walls are between eight  
and ten feet thick, and  
tower up to nearly sixty  
feet. So it happened that  
little harm came to its  
shell when the English,  
carrying fire and sword  
through the country in  
1549, "past out of Had-  
dington and burnt it and  
Leddington, and past  
away without any battell,  
for the pest and hunger  
was richt evil amangst  
them."

The fabric of Lennoxlove reveals clearly enough that its four-storeyed tower was built in the fifteenth century, on a typical L design, and the walls are indicated on our plan in solid black. The house attached to it on the east side towards the end of the seventeenth century, and altered early in the nineteenth, is shown by hatched lines. Built in to the wall of the south-east corner is a sundial dated 1644, but this must have been moved to its present position from



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TOWER FROM SOUTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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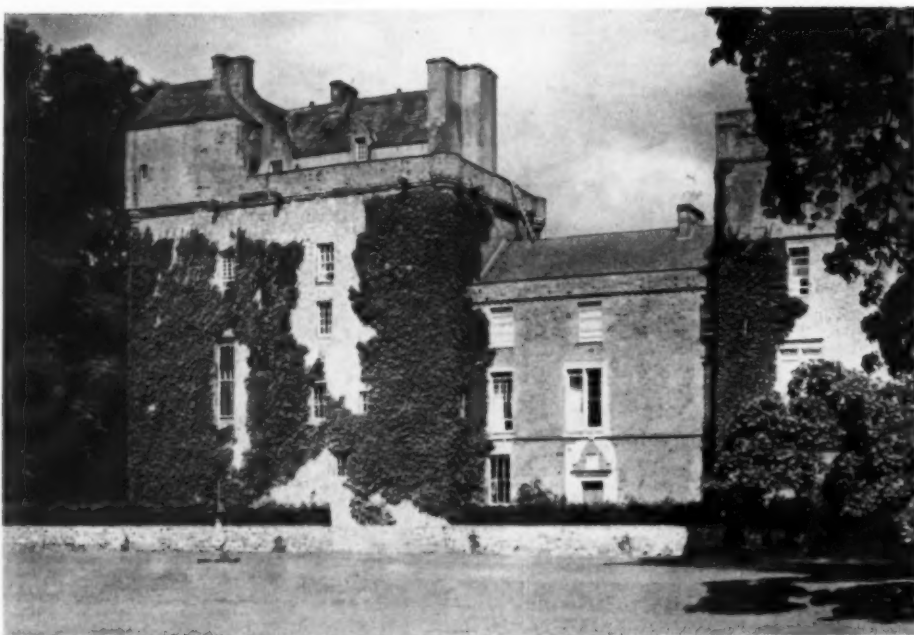
ENTRANCE DOOR WITH IRON YETT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



elsewhere. The entry in the north-east angle is still guarded by an iron "yett," which probably dates from Lauderdale's restoration. It leads to a wide wheel-stair, ascending no further than the first floor. Halfway up is a little chamber in the thickness of the wall with a window over the entrance. It was designed, perhaps, as a convenient point of

vantage from which discouraging objects might be dropped on an uninvited caller. From the first-floor level another stair, at the south-west corner, goes up to the battlements. The ground floor of the tower is occupied by a dark vaulted chamber, to which there is a separate door of entrance, an unusual feature in a Scots castle, and possibly a later insertion. The first floor was taken up, as usual, by two rooms. The larger, once the banqueting hall and chief living-room, served during last century as a kitchen, but has lately been restored to its old estate under Sir Robert Lorimer's care. The adjoining room probably lost its fireplace as early as John Maitland's alterations of 1626, for its present fireplace bears his initials, but it was doubtless the original kitchen of the



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THE SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

castle. It is now decorated by some of Mr. Baird's collection of china, and serves as a buffer state between the hall and the more modern dining-room.

Lethington was a nest of famous men, and Sir Richard Maitland's sons left an enduring mark on Scottish history. William, Queen Mary's Secretary of State, of whom more must be said;

John, the Chancellor; and Thomas, who died young but already distinguished, all were born in the tower, as well as the Chancellor's son, John, who, as Duke of Lauderdale, added his corrupt skill to the misgovernment of Scotland



SUNDIAL FROM ERSKINE, RENFREWSHIRE.



Copyright.

A PARAPET WALK.

"C.L."

and England alike. William Maitland is one of the strangest and most fascinating of the men who surrounded Mary and went to their doom in her service. This is no place to attempt any outline of his troubled life, which has lately been the subject of an admirable book by Mr. E. Russell. He seems not to have lived at Lethington after his boyhood, and, indeed, his old father, Sir Richard, did not die until 1585, and thus lived a dozen years after William's tragic failure and death. But we may well believe that in the intervals of his feverish life of statecraft and intrigue he stole away to the home of his boyhood and reflected there on the sacrifices he made for Mary and the Stewart cause. We see



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE BANQUETING HALL.

Copyright.

him as the protagonist of the aristocratic element as against the religious democracy, the *Civitas Dei* of John Knox's ideals. For Maitland's part in the murder of Rizzio, Mary never forgave him, and she punished him after that tragedy as much as she dared. In the matter of Darnley's taking-off, Maitland's position is not very clear, but he seems to have temporised and kept out of the hideous business as much as he could. When the breach came, and Mary and Bothwell found Morton and Hume with the confederate lords arrayed against them, Maitland was also against the Queen. When the bubble of Bothwell's kingship burst at Carberry and he fled, leaving Mary a prisoner in her subjects' hands, Maitland had a poignant interview with her. She pleaded with him in a passion of grief and anger, but Maitland, albeit courtier-like in his reply, would say no good thing of Bothwell or help the Queen to rejoin him. None the less, he did not like the idea of Mary's imprisonment—he was too rigid a Royalist for that—and remained her loyal though seemingly unfriendly servant. From then on he laboured in her cause through

in a bedroom on the second floor (now illustrated). The ornaments it bears are puzzling. On the ceiling the initials "I. M. S." stand for John Maitland and Isabel Seton, his wife.

The date on the shield of arms over the fireplace is 1618, and there is an earl's coronet. The enclosing panel bears the date 1632. Yet Maitland was not created Earl of Lauderdale until 1640, and we must therefore assume that the plaster coronet was altered after the greater dignity had been achieved. The battlements with their wide path and angle bartizans are thoroughly typical work, and the stone gargoyles are well carved, one in the form of an animal with his paws holding wide open his mouth for the discharge of the water.

There is no direct evidence that additions were made to the tower of Lethington by the Duke of Lauderdale, strenuous builder as he was, but there is a story connecting him with the wall, about two and a half miles long, which encircles the park. When James, Duke of York, went to



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BEDROOM CEILING WITH ARMS OF LAUDERDALE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

growing gloom and impending failure, fighting against Queen Elizabeth and the Regent Moray, always a losing battle, but always well fought. Cast into prison, he was acquitted after Moray's assassination. Maitland's life was stormy to the last. He was with the defenders of Edinburgh Castle when the Queen's party tried to stand against the Regent and the main current of Scottish opinion. He was almost a dying man when the Castilians surrendered, and he filed out of the stronghold down streets filled with execrating crowds. He had fought for his Queen and had failed. Less than three weeks later he died, a prisoner, in his bed, perhaps mercifully, for he could hardly have escaped the gallows. Maitland of Lethington is a great figure, for all that he failed to save his mistress. He stands as the prototype of the thousands of brave and brilliant men who were to fight the battles of the Stewarts and serve the cause of autocracy for the next two centuries, and always in a losing cause.

Of the decorations which the Earl of Lauderdale's inscription tells us, nothing remains but some admirable plaster-work

Scotland, he said that there was no such thing as a park in the whole country. Lauderdale thereupon enclosed the policies of Lethington, and so removed the reproach. The contract for building the wall remains, and bears the date 1674. The local mason was paid 2,400 merks and a "cow's grass" in summer. There seems here a tender thought for his workmen's porridge. As originally built, the height of the wall varied between three and five ells, but it has since been reduced by about one-third. It is quite likely, however, that the Duke added something to the building which he found. When he died in 1682 the estate went to his widow for life, and afterwards to the Earl of Dysart, a son by her first marriage. In 1701 Dysart sold it to Viscount Teviot, who passed it on with little delay to the trustees of the will of La Belle Stuart, the famous Duchess of Richmond and Lennox. There is no need to recount here the adventures of this beautiful lady, for they bedeck the pages of Pepys and of Hamilton's "Memoirs of Grammont." Her gracious figure still appeals to us as the Britannia of our pennies.





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THE DUCHESS OF LENNOX' TOILET SERVICE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

THE CHINA ROOM

"COUNTRY LIFE."



EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PAINTED MIRROR.

With her savings she bought Lethington for a sum said to have been £50,000, and bequeathed it to her cousin, Lord Blantyre, with a request that it might be named "Lennox love to Blantyre"—hence its present name of Lennoxlove, which first appears in a charter of 1704. Several memorials of the Duchess are still preserved in the tower. We illustrate the famous silver-gilt toilet service given by Charles II. to his beloved Stuart. It consists of two large rectangular caskets and a smaller one with a pin-cushion enclosed in its cover, four round boxes (two large and two small), three tuzza-shaped dishes on low feet (two elliptical and one round), two rectangular scent flagons, two clothes brushes and a mirror. The ornamentation comprises floral festoons and pendants of woodbine and laurel, with foliated scroll-work and flowers characteristic of the late Stuart period, all delicately embossed and chased. The set is said to have been made for Vincent Fostier, farmer-general of France from 1672-1680, but it is not known how Charles II. became possessed of it. The candlesticks appear to be of later date. No less notable is the oak chest veneered with walnut and richly decorated with plates of thin silver enriched with conventional foliage and flowers in repoussé. In one of the tower bedrooms, still called "The

Duchess' Room," there is a bedstead, on the cornice of which appears at intervals her cipher and coronet. The cornice only is original, the rest of the old bed was destroyed in a fire. The bedspread was the work of her own hands, but the hangings, though old, do not appear to have belonged to it originally. There are some embroidered panels on the walls of the little drawing-room, which probably served once



Copyright.

A "COCKPEN" CHAIR.

"C.L."

as hangings for this bed. Among other treasures is a fine gilt mirror (now illustrated), with an exquisite painting of a peacock and tree on the glass, and some of a local design of chair known as the "cockpen" chair. These



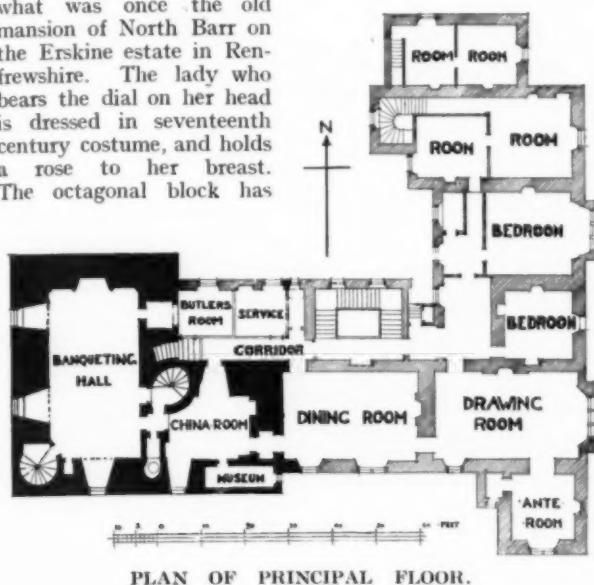
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THE DUCHESS' BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

have a hint of Chinese influence and are typical Edinburgh work, to be seen in many country houses in the district.

Of the later history of the house, we have no space to say more than that Lennoxlove remained in the possession of the Lords Blantyre until it went by inheritance to its present owner, Mr. W. A. Baird. With the aid of Sir Robert Lorimer and Mr. Percy Macquoid, he has done much to renew the departed glories of the place, not only by judicious repair and rearrangement of the fabric, but also by laying out the garden and by adorning it with an interesting sundial which came from the garden of what was once the old mansion of North Barr on the Erskine estate in Renfrewshire. The lady who bears the dial on her head is dressed in seventeenth century costume, and holds a rose to her breast. The octagonal block has



PLAN OF PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

seventeen dial faces, and the date 1679 and the initials D.M. mark its provenance. North Barr belonged for generations to a branch of the Darnley Stewarts, the last of whom sold the estate to Donald Macgilchrist in 1670.

*The Country Home for next week will be Foxwell Manor, Dorsetshire, the property of Mrs. G. F. A. Lane.*

## SCOTTISH MOORLANDS IN SPRING.

BY LADY MURRAY OF ELIBANK.

**H**OW comparatively few of the leisured classes know the glories of Scotland in the spring. There is a conventional idea that it is the time to go South, be it to London or further afield. What with the Parliamentary season, or society, or the wish for change, the North Country is almost depleted of its leisured country inhabitants, which doubly enhances its charm to those who remain. There is a sense of space and freedom in the mental atmosphere and a marvellous freshness in the physical, washed clean by the winter snows and rains and winds, that is unfindable later in the season. Everything leaps to life again; the woods are green and purple with bursting leaf and swelling bud, carpeted with the greenest of all carpets—the wild wood mercury, shot with primroses; later on the green will turn to blue, and the ground will be “like Heaven upbreking through the earth” with the wild hyacinths. But it is up on the moorland that all the real glories lie, and the uplifting of soul and senses. Such peace reigns, too; no thought of pursuit and death. Spring is life and growth, the time of the singing of birds, and the right of those birds to woo and mate. They are tamer at this season than at any other; even the blackcock, wildest and shyest of all our birds of sport, will let a human being approach quite near, especially if he be engaged in displaying himself to his greyhens, an occupation so engrossing that he heeds nothing else.

His breast is of sapphires, his piebald tail is set out like a peacock's, and his wings trail the ground like a bubbly-jock, while he struts to and fro before the greyhens, making at the same time a curious gurgling sound, rather like a cooing pigeon. The comb on his head is bright scarlet, and gives him the rakish look of wearing a red cap. If the blackcock only knew, his antics are much more appreciated by us, squatting behind an old dyke

a hundred yards away, with glasses fixed on him, than by his hens, who pay not the slightest attention to his amorous advances, and calmly go on pecking for their supper; sometimes they even fly away without so much as a look at him.

The high grass fields bordering the moor are the plovers' nesting ground. To look for their nests successfully three things are essential—time, patience and a good glass. To walk about a field, be it grass or plough, and look promiscuously for nests is a practical example of looking for a needle in a bundle of hay. The surest way is to approach a field from below and spy it from the shelter of a dyke or hedge. The watcher then sees the birds before they see him. Some will be wheeling about, calling their plaintive cry, and tumbling about in mid-air (these are mostly cocks), others will be running about feeding. It is only by patiently watching that indications will be given of the whereabouts of the nests. A good glass will spot a sitting bird, and if bearings are taken of the exact spot, the nest will be easily found. Having located a sitting bird, it is as well to take the bearings of its position by some stationary object, as if the watcher be some two or three hundred yards distant, it is difficult to keep the eye on the exact spot when the bird rises from it, as she will do at the first sign of approach. Another amusement is to watch a bird go to its nest. This it never does directly. It alights about thirty yards from it, and runs with frequent stops, first in one direction, then in another, till it reaches it. The same thing applies to its rising; it runs some distance from the nest and then flies.

This would be difficult to watch with the naked eye, which is the bird's natural enemy, be it of man, beast or bird; but, alas! the poor thing has no protection from the powerful lens of a modern field glass. It is very much easier to find nests in grassland than in plough, as the eggs are in greater contrast against green than against brown earth. Usually, all round the real nest are small scratchings as of attempted nests; these are called cock-nests, and are made by the cock-bird, pirouetting about in front of his mate to show himself off. The actual nest is nothing more than a few bits of old grass in any natural cup or hollow; sometimes even a deep hoof-mark will serve the purpose, and a nest has even been found in an old cowpat, so that the plover is not particular. Four eggs are the usual clutch; it is unnecessary to describe them, and those who think them a delicacy bought from a shop have little idea of the extra relish that hunting for and finding them one's self lends to the little brown and green mottled egg. The plover is a migrant, to a certain extent, but it is found at all seasons over most of these islands, though in the more northern parts in far greater numbers in spring and summer than in the other two seasons. In the North-east of Scotland its spring return is associated with the last blast of winter occurring about the same time, and thence called the “Teuchit storm,” teuchit and whaup being the Scottish names for peewit and curlew.

The finding of curlews' nests is very much more difficult than that of peewits. Firstly, the birds are very much wilder, and as they lay on moorland among heather and rush and broken ground it is harder to spy a sitting bird, also one is usually spying from a longer distance. One day last year I lay for long watching two curlews; they ran in and out among some stunted juniper bushes in a basin on the moor, that was evidently a favourite curlew place, judging from the volume of their song. As both parents take part in looking after the nest during incubation I presumed these were a cock and hen, and I hoped I should be able to locate the nest. They evidently played a game of hide and seek round the junipers, but after a time they flew away, pouring out a wonderful duet. I was about a quarter of a mile from them, and went at once to the spot, but though I searched every inch of the ground, no trace of nest or eggs could I find; perhaps they were only playing and wooing before the more serious state of married life. There is no more fascinating amusement and interest in connection with animal and bird life than watching them when the watched are unaware of the watcher, or more alluring branch of it than at nesting time among the wild birds of our moorlands. During the search for nests, if it be on or near a moor, the ear is as enchanted as the eye; all round a spring concert is in full swing. The peewit's plaintive note is the refrain of the air, and there comes soaring and trilling the wonderful threefold call, with its passionate tremolo, of the curlew. There is no bird song to equal it. To lie out on the heather on a fine day in April and watch these great birds sweep backwards and forwards, now high, now low, carolling out their hymn of praise, is to lift one's own heart up to the great Creator of all things, and to feel the reburst of life in one's innermost being.



## TROUT FISHERS' DAY.

**A**PRIL THE FIRST is a marked date in the angler's diary. It is the opening of the trout season. The long winter period in which the person of *Salmo fario* is held sacred and his rights inviolable comes to a close on that day, and the walls of the sanctuary

which sheltered him from the enemy are torn down and trampled out of recognition by the feet of the invader. There is something like a feeling of triumph in the heart of the angler as he approaches the river. He probably calls to mind how on the last day of the "open season" he wooed the trout with all the arts of his craft and flashed before his eyes the

most fascinating and brilliant designs of artificial entomology—in vain; how the luncheon hour was postponed and the evening used up to the last lingering gleam that preceded nightfall, but *fario* was obdurate. This memory of disappointment is intensified by recollections of the willingness of the quarry to appropriate the fly intended, not for him, but for grayling a week earlier, and how, after a splashy fight that

defeat excusable. When one looks at the fish that reach the market from other parts of the country where the opening day is during the kelt period, one at least is thankful for the self-denying ordinance that fixes a later date. On some streams April 1st will be welcomed as a day of more or less pleasant

experiment. To the observant angler it will to some extent index the character of the season. It will show what stock of fish he is likely to have at his disposal during the year. Places in the river where royal battles were fought will be carefully scanned for new tenants. Eager eyes will mark the spot near the old willow, or the white stone in the



TAKING STOCK.

mill tail, or perhaps the ridge in the meadow reach, for the well known swaying form that may be ambushed there in readiness for the food that is likely to drift near him. The discovery of a number of trout in such places has its value in stimulating hopes and kindling expectations of tight lines. It may be that the heavy water which is likely to overflow the banks on the opening day will make accurate observation difficult. The amount of flood food, too, that has been washed into the holes may keep the trout in deep water a few weeks longer. One must, therefore, possess his soul in patience before attempting to estimate the amount in the river.

Another thing to observe is the promise of fly on the stream. Mild weather is the essential element of the environment in which ephemerae flourish. April often discloses a good rise of watery duns. They are very small, and three cipher hooks scarcely do justice to their diminutiveness. If the day happens to be fine and the river undisturbed by gusty winds, they will be found afloat on the water. Strong breezes drive them to the bank and across the meadows. The March brown, that herald of coming spring, may be seen skipping gaily down-stream. Fished wet or dry, it is excellent, and may be regarded as an



A CAST ON A CHALK STREAM.

disturbed the water, he had to be returned as "out of season." One of the very best days among the trout is not infrequently that in which every fish has to be put back.

April 1st is the end of the truce on most English rivers, and the Waltonian goes forth with the knowledge that he is within his rights in basketing the spoil. There are circumstances, however, that may involuntarily extend the fence period. In some water the fish do not mend as rapidly as could be desired, and the lank, flat sides that they exhibit in the net secure them immunity from the final despatch. Every right-minded sportsman respects this unwritten law of the chase. Ill-conditioned trout are neither good for rod nor table. If returned to the water it is likely that they will patronise the angler's lure later on, and fight with a vigour that makes victory a triumph, or



THE CRITICAL MOMENT.

important part of the angler's outfit. On the far-off western Irish loughs, or the Southern chalk streams, it rarely fails to bring fish to the basket. The great red spinner, which is the imago of the March brown, proves a worthy successor later on, when the evening rise is on the river. A fair sprinkling of these early flies may be accepted as the forerunner of good things. No doubt the heavy rains that have swollen the rivers will have carried the nymphæ off the gravel beds into deeper water. Their distribution over a wider area is by no means unfavourable to angling prospects.

But the most pleasant test of all on April 1st was the mounting of an imitation and the careful cast that places the floating fly a few inches above the spot where a trout breaks the water. With what eager expectation is its progress in that short span watched by the crouching figure! The

destinies of empire might depend upon it, so absorbing and breath-holding is the occasion. Will the fish let it pass, neglected, scouted as a thing although literally above, metaphorically quite beneath his notice? It seems to pass him; it has actually done so, when some uncontrollable instinct makes him wheel round quickly, and, with a sharp thrust of his head, the water divides and a few air bubbles are left floating on the surface. Ah, what a quiver passes through the rod as it arches over the head, and how the fish plunges and dashes, as it realises that it is gripped and held in durance. The angler's "winter of discontent" is "made glorious summer," and when the trout is landed and his well rounded sides mark him as spoil for the basket, there seems to be a new note in the skylark's song, and trout fishers' day brings a thrill of delight that awakens memories of boyhood.

## LITERATURE.

### BOOK OF THE WEEK.

WHEN Mr. G. S. Street was appointed Censor of Plays a certain good-natured surprise was felt and expressed even by those who knew him well; for the Censorship has ever been associated with a certain Puritanism—that was what gave it its ill odour. If all who had ever held the office had contented themselves with striking out what was positively indecent or immoral, they would not have incurred that dislike which has been manifested so clearly of recent years. But Mr. G. S. Street, in the long period during which he has been more or less before the English reading public, has never posed as a Puritan and never been regarded as one. Indeed, for long he was of the inner circle of those who might properly be described as anti-Puritan—that is to say, roughly speaking, the band of those who contributed to the now defunct *National Observer*. But if Mr. Street was not of those who expressed strict views about the enforcement of austere regulations on the stage or in literature, neither can anyone accuse him of having either by precept or example advocated licence. He ought rather to be described as a very tolerant person, and the book which he has just published, *On Money and Other Essays* (Constable), is interesting chiefly because it shows how much toleration figures in the constitution of this very modern Censor of Plays. The little essay which gives its name to the volume and opens it is an apology. Nothing would ever persuade us that Mr. Street has any real liking for the pursuit of wealth or admiration for those engaged in it; yet he makes out a very pretty case for them, and though this is done occasionally with a touch of irony, it is so fine and delicate that those most concerned will probably never know it to be there. Ever a lover of paradox, the most amusing point made in this essay is the story of a man who was for the greater part of his life ground down by poverty and ever impecunious. In middle life he had the luck to have a fortune left him—at least, what he considered a fortune, that is to say, a few thousand pounds after his liabilities were cleared off. But this possession made him so anxious that he lost health and appetite, and eventually died of anxiety lest the bank in which these funds were invested should break. This is a characteristic bit from the writings of Mr. G. S. Street.

There is no concealed irony about his praise of gambling as an amusement. He has even a word to say for the professional backer, whose business, says he, has the advantages of fresh air, intelligence in judgment, swiftness of decision, and other valuable qualities,

adding

I much prefer you to a publisher.

He is almost lyrical in his praise of racing:

I declare there is no such excitement, of a common and easily bought kind, as a close finish in a horse-race. I don't compare it with the great excitements of life, with first love accepted, with a chief place in the honours list, with the attainment of a life's ambition, though with some keen sportsmen or heavy gamblers it may have gone near one of them. But for an excitement that may be cheaply bought most days of the year, and which at least need leave no bad taste afterwards, commend me to a horse-race over and over again.

A little further on in the book we find him apologising for what he probably considers the worst of all vices—that which Pope flagellated in his "Dunciad." Mr. Street says:

I am no foe to dulness or stupidity in a general way. Without quite understanding the clever writers who eulogise it as a great national asset,

I can dimly perceive its usefulness as a background or a safeguard. In social life I count dulness a far slighter fault, if fault it be, than a dozen which clever people may possess. The older I grow the less I value intelligence and the more I value kindness in life generally. Many dull people are dear to me, many sparkling people are loathsome.

All this is prelude to a veiled but keen attack on the version of "Œdipus" which was performed at Covent Garden.

For downright gambling he has more than an apology, namely, an essay in praise. So it is with ballets and ballet dancers:

I have loved ballets and the sight of good dancing from my youth upwards, and in the last few years, since we have had those delightful artists from Russia among us, love has been suffused with wonder.

Perhaps, however, the best essay in the volume is the one that has very little to do with opinions and a great deal with emotion. Mr. Street was on terms of close personal friendship with the late Mr. George Wyndham, and the last chapter of the book is a fine valediction to that brilliant and versatile man. It is worth careful examination, if for nothing else, in order to follow the very fine and true line which Mr. Street draws between what is public in a man's career and what is absolutely private. Here is no retailing of table talk or after-dinner talk at Clouds; no revelation of things that George Wyndham would prefer left untold. A great deal may be said of any man in biography by those who survive him by any reasonable time; but Mr. Street lays down very rigid and sound rules that should be applied when a man is writing of one contemporary even in age. From the material supplied, it would be possible for any stranger to construct a very true picture of George Wyndham. He was an enthusiastic soldier, who distinguished himself in South Africa, and never lost love of that calling; he was a man of letters, whose finest memorial is the library which he formed at Clouds; he was steeped in literature, especially in the literature of France. Indeed, the French blood in his veins was manifest in his preferences, as in so many other ways. He was also a fine sportsman and a magnificent horseman.

I think, says Mr. Street, some of the keenest thrills of his life were in the hunting field. Certainly he said once that one of his most glorious moments was when, after a hard run, he found himself and two others in at the death alone—and the two were his son and his step-son. I can well believe it. . . . His senses served him well in other arts than literature, his senses and his natural impulse to know and judge for himself.

The tribute is brief, but we are almost tempted to say it is adequate and, at any rate, it is excellent.

### CONCERNING FOXHOUNDS.

IN a sumptuous volume, handsomely illustrated in colour and black and white, Mr. Cuthbert Bradley has, under the title *The Foxhound of the Twentieth Century* (G. Routledge, London, 1914), essayed the by no means easy task of dealing with the various kennels of England. Mr. Bradley, as most hunting people are aware, is well equipped for the work. He understands hounds and hunting thoroughly; he is a clever artist; he has a long and wide acquaintance with many kennels; and he is manifestly in love with his subject. He begins his book with a chapter on "Puppy Walkers," whom he rightly terms the backbone of foxhunting. He then deals with the periods between 1787 and 1912, which have in hunting history most influenced the development of the foxhound. From this he passes to a deeply interesting chapter on "The Symmetry of the Modern Foxhound," concerning which we shall have something to say later on. The next seven chapters are devoted to a careful study of the various English Hunts and kennels. A chapter each is devoted to Reigate and Peterborough Hound Shows in 1913; and the volume concludes with "The Sires of the Belvoir Kennel on the Flage, 1913, and a Review of the Out Crosses, 1870 to 1912." It will be seen from this summary how much of interest will be found by all fox-hunters in this engaging



book. Mr. Bradley has performed his allotted task excellently well; he writes clearly and straightforwardly, and he has had the singular advantage—denied to most other writers on foxhunting—of being able to illustrate copiously every chapter of his book from his own drawings and paintings. No fewer than sixteen of the illustrations are reproduced in colour, these apparently being from commissions executed for various masters of hounds, chiefly within the last few years. We have, for example, the Belvoir dog hounds with the Master, Lady Greenall, and Hunt servants, during the *régime* of Sir Gilbert Greenall. Others show Mr. Lewis Priestman and the Braes of Derwent pack; Lord Lonsdale and the Barleythorpe pack in the Cottesmore country in 1910; the Fitzwilliam (Milton) Hounds at Wandsford in 1912; and Mr. Douglas Crossman hunting the Cambridgeshire. Among coloured hound portraits are included "Cheshire Sires in 1911"; "Meynell Prize-winners"; Lord Lonsdale's "Sergeant"; "A Couple of the North Cotswold"; "The Ledbury Dog Hounds, 1913"; The Duke of Beaufort's "Vaultier," a very perfect type of hound, and a winning team of the Duke's; as well as the Belvoir "Comus," 1910, and Belvoir "Dexter," 1895. The very large number of black and white plates and sketches help largely to the illumination of the author's subject. The general effect produced by a careful survey of all these pictures—well over a hundred in number—is to emphasise the fact that we have been getting very far away indeed during the last fifteen years from the type of foxhound which was not so long since looked upon as almost perfection—such a hound, for example, as Belvoir Gambler in 1884. Gambler possessed most of the characteristics of the high-class modern foxhound; but he had the additional and most important one, nowadays so greatly lacking, in that he stood fairly and squarely on his forefeet in natural fashion, and was not over at the knee on misshapen feet, as so many hounds of the present day unfortunately are. A glance at the illustrations in this book conveys the impression that a large proportion of our fashionable hounds are far too much over on the forelegs. It is somewhat difficult to account for this modern craze, which we believe to be a thoroughly mischievous and mistaken one, full of danger for the future of the modern hound. In the first number of the *Foxhound*, published in November, 1910, was a chapter on the anatomy of the hound, in which the dangers and weaknesses of this modern and unnatural type of fore limb were carefully explained. That chapter ought, we think, to be read and pondered by every Master and huntsman throughout the United Kingdom. Happily, we believe that many good judges have come to the conclusion that this fashionable craze for the clumsy, club-footed, intoed, over-at-the-knee stamp of hound has been overdone, and is a menace to the future of the race. The judging at Peterborough last year certainly pointed strongly to that conclusion, and we hope that for the future we shall gradually revert again to forelegs and feet of a normal and not of an unnatural type. If the reader wishes to see what we mean, let him look at the illustrations at page 35, where he may note the outline and points of the celebrated Belvoir Gambler. Let him turn from that picture to page 123, where he will see Lord Lonsdale's Vulcan, a fine hound, in our opinion spoilt by clumsy and unnatural forelegs. At page 28, Belvoir Helper gives a good illustration of this unnatural posture. At page 96 is a charming coloured picture of two beautiful Meynell bitches, Headless and Woodlark, winners at Peterborough in 1910. In our judgment, Headless, almost perfect as she is, has reached the extreme limit of straightness in the forelegs. Woodlark, standing just behind her, exceeds that limit and is slightly over at the knee. A beautifully balanced hound is Sir William Cooke's Tumbler, drawn in 1910. A pack of hounds all of that stamp would be almost perfect. Contrast again this picture with the unnatural and clumsy forelegs of the hound at page 87 and with Belvoir Vulcan at page 281. In his chapter on "The Symmetry of the Modern Foxhound," the author says, "The best models to-day knuckle over very slightly. We do not commend the exaggerated type often seen." And elsewhere, "Legs and feet in the foxhound have been brought to the highest state of perfection during the last quarter of a century." With this last pronouncement we entirely disagree. We think, on the contrary, that fashionable breeders have been pursuing false principles, and have gone perilously near inflicting serious injury to our grand race of foxhound. The author quotes Mr. E. P. Rawnsley, a Master of great experience, who enunciates three points which are rather against modern hound doctrine. Mr. Rawnsley says, "I do not like the big, muscular, cloddy hounds; Frank Gillard's 23½ inch standard was better and wears better." And again, "I won't have my hounds' ears rounded"—a most sensible conclusion. And yet again, "A close, cat-like foot is not suitable for our clay (in the Southwold country), which gets between the toes and raises a blister." We commend this very interesting and well-got-up volume to the attention of all hunting folk. We believe it will have the effect of demonstrating clearly, by its illustrations, how the "over-at-the-knee" craze has been overdone. H. A. B.

#### MR. GATHORNE-HARDY'S REMINISCENCES.

**My Happy Hunting Grounds**, by A. E. Gathorne-Hardy. (Longmans.) THE author of *My Happy Hunting Grounds* is probably, in the eyes of sportsmen generally, among the half dozen outstanding writers on sporting subjects of our day. He and Edward North Buxton are certainly both masters of their subjects and of their pens, a happy combination all too rare. In "Short Stalks," Mr. E. N. Buxton produced a volume in which the big game of various lands were dealt with tersely and interestingly. In style and in knowledge these sketches leave nothing to be desired, and what Mr. Buxton has done for the big game hunter, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy did for the perhaps no less fortunate individuals whose experiences are bounded by the limits of the West of Scotland. His book, "Autumns in Argyllshire," had a well deserved success, so that it is an event of importance that Mr. Gathorne-Hardy should once more take his pitcher to that well from which his readers have already drunk. But in his new volume, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy does not confine himself to the West Coast, but takes his readers with him to Norway and to Sark, the latter island, under the name of "The Garden of Cymodoce," giving an exceptional opportunity to his talent for pleasant narrative. We would not willingly have missed the thumbnail sketches produced during that visit by the author's friend and companion, the late Sir Frank Lockwood. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's reminiscences, indeed, cover a wide field, filled with

pleasant memories. He has fished and shot and watched Nature long, and with a keen enjoyment, which he is able to impart easily and sympathetically to his writings, so that whether he is discoursing of past triumphs and failures, of marine zoology, or the folklore of the Hebrides, his readers feel themselves to be his comrades, finding profit and entertainment by the way. Some of the most interesting chapters are devoted to wild life in the island of Colonsay, the home of innumerable seals and many interesting wildfowl, all of them, happily, under resolute protection. It is pleasant, by the way, to read of the vengeance taken by the late owner, Sir John McNeill, upon a predatory yacht from Oban, which stood in to the shore and fired on his seals. It is unlikely that the owner of that yacht ever repeated the offence, but unhappily such outrages as this are still all too common, and it is seldom that the perpetrators meet with their just reward. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy has much to tell us about the seals, both the common and the rarer grey seal (*Halichoerus gryphus*). He records one curious instance of melanism in a new-born gryphus which must, as he says, be extremely rare, the young of this species being, as is well known, normally born snow white. Like all good sportsmen, he deprecates the shooting of seals in the water, emphasising the sharp contrast between the extreme watchfulness of a common seal when lying on a rock and his utter fearlessness in the water. There is a spirited account of a stalk under legitimate conditions among the reefs after a basking seal, which will, we think, bring reminiscent thrills to the heart of anyone who has indulged in this damp but fascinating pastime. Turning to the birds, we find notes and observations upon many species, including the two godwits and the red-necked phalarope, and we read of one exceedingly rare straggler—the American yellow-billed cuckoo, found freshly dead upon the island after a series of strong westerly gales. Four chapters upon Colonsay and a fifth on the winter shooting at Poltalloch lead us to suspect that the West Coast of Scotland still holds first place in Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's affections. A considerable part of the book, however, is devoted to fishing and other experiences in Norway, and it must be added that his enthusiasm for this perfect country is calculated to satisfy the most ardent devotee ever found within the smoking-room of the Tasso. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy caught his first salmon in the Rauma as long ago as 1865, and ranks, therefore, among the older race of Anglo-Norwegians. He gives a pleasant account of his wanderings by fjeld, lake and riverside; has stories to tell of fishes, of bears, and of reindeer hunters lost upon the fjeld; and pays a grateful tribute to the kindly, hospitable race among whom he stayed. Mr. Lodge has contributed some characteristic drawings, and the book also contains some interesting pen and pencil sketches by Sir John Millais, Landseer and General Cradock, which are reproduced from the visitors' book at Braemore. Finally, it is with great pleasure that I recommend this book. It is a quite delightful book, a restful book, a book to read on drowsy Sunday afternoons. Through it the character of the writer seems to shine; he has humour, dignity and knowledge, and in some subtle way these three qualities shine up to the reader from the written word. H. HESKETH-PRICHARD.

#### FRENCH WOMEN IN HISTORY.

**Remarkable Women of France (From 1431 to 1749)**, by Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard. (Stanley Paul.)

"DEAR dead women, with such hair too!" is the quotation that naturally rises to one's lips after reading Mr. Andrew Haggard's book. La Belle France has produced an extraordinary number of fair and famous women who have taken a part in her history. Mr. Haggard, properly enough, begins with the Maid of Orleans; but he gives only a paragraph to her, and his story may be said to begin really after her burning at Rouen in 1431. Of the women of the reigns of Charles VII. and Louis XI. the historian has no good to say, and therefore he says nothing. His next heroine after Joan is Anne de Beaujeu, the elder daughter of Louis XI., and so he passes till he brings us to such famous women as Marie de Médici, Anne of Austria, the Duchesse de Longueville and La Grande Mademoiselle. La Grande Mademoiselle was the greatest heiress of her day, an Amazon, and yet a woman with ambitions that did not stop short of sharing a throne. Among those with whom she projected marriage was Charles II. of England; but she threw him over because he was too poor, spoke French badly and did not seem likely to win back his heritage. Subsequently, she proposed herself as wife of the Emperor Ferdinand III., and expressed herself as not unwilling to accept the hand of the Archduke ruling the Low Countries. She had no luck in her matrimonial schemes, and it is said that in the end she married her lover, the Marquis de Lauzun. After her we come upon names that are very familiar to the reader alike of history and fiction—La Vallière, Louise de Kéroualle, Madame de Maintenon and a host of others. Mr. Andrew Haggard brings to the study of them a very thorough knowledge of French history, and his book is full of entertainment.

#### AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY CHARACTER.

**The Life and Letters of Lady Hester Stanhope**, by Her Niece, the Duchess of Cleveland. (John Murray.)

LORD ROSEBURY, in a short preface to the Duchess of Cleveland's final edition of Lady Hester Stanhope's biography, says modestly that there is still a flicker of public interest with regard to this singular woman. He understates the case. Lady Hester is, and must remain, a character in history. When she kept house for William Pitt frequenters acknowledged that no one could have shown more charm and kindness. If she lost some of these qualities towards the end of her life, it is not surprising, as she had rather a bitter experience. There can be no doubt that the indebtedness under which she died was due less to her extravagance than to her unlimited philanthropy, and it was not very creditable to Lord Palmerston's Government that they allowed a near relative of William Pitt to be subjected to the duns and annoyances of what were, after all, not very large creditors. Lady Hester suffered from being regarded by a prim generation as a kind of monster, or at least an eccentric; but she lived her own life in her own way, and it will ever be refreshing to turn over and read again her original plain-spoken letters. The Duchess of Cleveland has done her editing well, although now and again we see in it traces of timidity, as though she did not altogether like to be allied to such a harum-scarum.





*H. Barrett.*

WINTER'S LAST WORD.

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# ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

**SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE GUTTY BALL MATCH.**  
**W**AS the gutty ball match very interesting?" and "Do you want to go back to the gutty?" Such are the two questions which I have had relentlessly fired at me from all quarters during the last few days, and I have no doubt that everybody else who was at Sandy Lodge has had a precisely similar experience. For the first day or so these questioners appeared highly agreeable conversationalists;

after that they began to seem just a little bit tiresome, and yet their questions appear worth answering.

As to the first: I fancy that the answers of most spectators would be this, that the match was intensely interesting so long as the novelty of the old ball remained fresh, and that when the novelty had worn off the interest was very considerably diminished. The match was well worth the playing for

very much. The game as played with the gutty did not from the standpoint of the ordinary mortal, who is not a champion, look quite such good fun as that with the rubber-core, and that is a fact, if perhaps a shameful and regrettable one. It looked such uncommonly hard work and as if it would expose one's weaknesses with such hideous candour.

At the same time, whatever one's own selfish and despicable feelings, I think one ought at once to admit that the old game was the more heroic and the sterner test of a golfer's qualities. I am writing in a little wooden house on the edge of a seaside course; the night wind is whistling eerily, and I make no doubt that the bents on the sandhills outside are heeling over under its attack. It is just such a night as to make one feel that a day of the same kind would find one out sadly if one had to hit a hard and unresilient ball. It has constantly been said that the old game was the more athletic, that it was the game for the strong man rejoicing in his strength. So it was, but it was more than that: it was the game for the man who could hit his ball dead true in the centre of the club. The gutty gave full value of punishment for the touch of slice that is the bane of all but the greatest. Even the four great men at Sandy Lodge sliced sometimes; the ball described a very palpable curve from left to right, and how much more that ball would have curved if we much weaker and more fallible ones had had the hitting of it. The sight of the great men's venial errors brought

back to mind the really desperate difficulty in old days of holding the ball up into a gale blowing on the player's back. How the ball used to curl away to the right for ever and ever! How impossible it seemed to stop it, and how rich was the reward of him who could stand steady on his feet and with a swing kept really under control send the ball whizzing like



MR. MALIK OF OXFORD IN DIFFICULTIES.

the excitement of the first round; the second round was just an exhibition match played by extraordinarily skilful golfers and culminating in a close finish, but rather marred by the difficulty of seeing through several thousands of onlookers under very imperfect control. To the second question replies will probably be more various. Personally, I should like to be able to answer it in the affirmative, but I am afraid that I have been so softened by a dozen enervating years of easier golf as to hesitate



THE RIVAL CAPTAINS, MR. MCCLURE OF OXFORD AND MR. YERBURGH OF CAMBRIDGE.



MR. R. P. HUMPHRIES OF CAMBRIDGE, WHO BEAT MR. GORDON BARRY.



an arrow through the wind! It is quite true, as has often been pointed out, that the rubber-core helps the half-hit shot; but that has generally been taken to mean that the ball, which would have been a short and paltry half-top, now scrambles along unscathed so far that the striker loses but little distance. What impressed me more, however, was the undue charitableness of the rubber-core towards the ball that is hit well into the air, but has a perceptible cut on it.

Before the match began, the players themselves prophesied that in each round of eighteen holes the rubber-cored ball would be five holes up on the gutty. This proved a singularly good estimate, for the rubber-core was five up on the morning round and four up in the afternoon. No doubt if many matches of this description were to be played, a great deal would depend on the course. At one point in the morning round, when Braid was playing such wonderful golf as almost by himself to hold his two opponents, Duncan said to me that he wished they were playing at St. Andrews with the tees far back and in a wind. This was, I think, a saying full of wisdom, for St. Andrews, as it now is, would be full of two-shot holes (from the rubber-core point of view) that would be terribly long for the gutty. A two-shot hole in the modern sense is a hole of something considerably over four hundred yards in length, and that means crushingly hard work for the gutty ball. It was at holes of this length that the rubber-core had so much the best of things last week. At the sixth hole, which is 455 yds. long, Braid, by hitting two glorious shots, did get home in two, but this was quite an exceptional feat. At the hole before it, which was only 400 yds. long, but played against the breeze, he did not get home, though it may be said that one of his shots was very slightly cut. Sandy Lodge has several long holes of over 500 yds., and these suited the gutty ball very well; they had much the harder work, but they could get home in three shots and the rubber-core could do no better. Similarly, the one-shot holes were, comparatively speaking, good for the gutty men, for though they had to take bigger clubs and so play more accurately, yet they were in no danger of losing a clear stroke.

There are many more impressions that remain in the mind from that day's play, but one which will certainly be abiding is that of the extraordinary splendour of Braid's play with the gutty ball. There were other brilliant things, notably Duncan's great spurt in the afternoon; but Braid's 72 with that stony and unyielding ball, on a course which is long even for the rubber-core, was about as fine a round as ever was played.

B. D.

#### THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

THE University match was certainly disappointing for those who expected that Cambridge were going to win it. It was also, I think, just a little bit of a disappointment for those who expected to see much really good golf. There were several good players in the two sides; some of them played well on the day, though one or two, notably Mr. Gordon Barry, did not; but their form, on the whole, produced the same rather unsatisfactory impression as has much of the golf played by University teams of late years. Considering how universal a game golf has become and how many hundreds of boys are now brought up club in hand, it is rather remarkable that the standard is not higher. As a general rule, most of the players can hit their drives well, but have a rather limited repertory of not very accurate iron shots. This year the driving was hardly up to the usual mark. Mr. Jobson drove a very long way, and so, of course, did Mr. Humphries. Mr. McClure, Mr. Vincent and one or two others, if not gigantic hitters, were thoroughly sound and good with wooden clubs; but there were others whose driving was not very pretty to look at, nor very powerful, nor very accurate. On the other hand, the iron play seemed decidedly better than usual. An excellent point of vantage for the spectator was the back of the eighth green, and at this most difficult of short holes the balls came plumping down on to the green with quite refreshing frequency. As to the putting, it was in no way specially remarkable.

#### SOME OF THE PLAYERS.

I imagine that opinions as to who was the best player on either side would be divided between Mr. McClure of Oxford and Mr. Humphries of Cambridge. Mr. Barry has temporarily lost so much of the game which won him his most gallant victory in the championship that his claims must be passed over. Of the two, Mr. McClure is undoubtedly the more stylish; he is a particularly graceful player with plenty of power. At present his weakest spot seems to be one that few of us dare reprobate very severely, namely, that he is temporarily inclined to lose his form when he loses something of his lead. Both last year at Hoylake and this year his opponent, Mr. Yerburch, gave him a very uncomfortable hole or two. Perhaps, however, this is captious criticism of a player who won his match and played fine golf in doing it. Mr. Humphries is not nearly so good to look at, but he is very strong and long; he possesses an effective pitching shot with the niblick, something after the manner of Ray, and he is blessed with an excellent temperament that makes him play well enough to win his match comfortably and waste no superfluous brilliance. He always seemed to have Mr. Barry well in hand and could probably have

played better if he had had to. Of the others Mr. Wesley Smith and Mr. Vincent of Cambridge both played very sound good golf, and kept going all the time with few lapses, which is the way to win matches. Mr. Wesley Smith is not very large, but he has a good style, takes a great deal of pains and has much good golf in him. Mr. Jobson of Oxford is a player of great power and possibilities, but distinctly one of moods. Last year against Mr. Richardson he made no show at all and was badly beaten; this year against the same opponent he won with greatest ease and played really fine golf. If he can stereotype this second mood of his he should go far.

#### A THRILLING FINISH.

In the last few University matches some one pair of players have had to fight out their battle with the whole issue of the day depending on them and the whole crowd of spectators to see them do it. Messrs. Macdonnell and Carlisle, Wakefield and Marzetti, Woosnam and Smith, Woosnam and Platt we have seen during the last four years in that order, and this year's match may be remembered by the names of Mr. Stokoe of Oxford and Mr. Oliver Lyttelton of Cambridge. These two had to occupy this unpleasantly important position on the stage during the whole of their last nine holes, and they came out of the ordeal very well. Mr. Lyttelton from four down had made an astonishing spurt and was one up at the turn. This might have been enough to unman anyone, but Mr. Stokoe remained unperturbed; indeed, it was the heroic Mr. Lyttelton who had a temporary lapse, for he topped two second shots running and they cost him the match. Mr. Stokoe got his nose in front again and there he resolutely kept it. When he was two up with four to play he played the fifteenth and sixteenth with a perfect coolness and steadiness that any war-worn veteran might envy, and though Mr. Lyttelton clung gallantly to his coat-tails, he could not pull him back. On the whole the Oxford players came best out of critical situations, and for that reason they most thoroughly deserved to win.

## RACKETS.

#### THE AMATEUR DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP.

THERE were five entries for the Amateur Doubles Championship this year, and as the holders of the title, Mr. B. S. Foster and Mr. H. Brougham, were unable, owing to the unfortunate accident sustained by the former, to uphold their claim, four matches were sufficient to decide the contest, the winners of the final round in the preliminary competition becoming, *ipso facto*, the champions for the year. The only match in the first round produced a lot of hard hitting and a curiously even game, the losers scoring 92 aces against 91 for the winners; but the latter pair, Mr. A. H. Lang and Mr. E. G. Bartlett, were by far the fresher at the finish, and won the last game easily. Mr. Lang throughout played a good game, and kept up the reputation which he had established for himself in the Singles Championship.

The second round, which was also the semi-final, was remarkable for two reasons. On form the ultimate result of both matches could never be seriously in doubt; but when it was known that Mr. Bruce had badly damaged his wrist, it seemed doubtful whether Mr. Leatham would be able to win the match for himself and his partner "off his own bat." This, however, he succeeded in doing, by most admirable play, and, incidentally, put up the finest game that he has so far played in his rackets career. Mr. Lang and Mr. Bartlett made a good fight of it, especially in the first game, but Mr. Leatham's brilliance was altogether too much for them.

The second feature of the semi-final round was the comparative eclipse of Mr. Baerlein. Never before has he played in a doubles match in which he has been so overshadowed by his partner. Mr. Kershaw played magnificently throughout, and certainly was responsible for two-thirds of the game. By service he made 20 aces outright, while Mr. Baerlein only accounted for 7, and in the rallies he was by far the more effective of the pair. Possibly Mr. Baerlein was holding himself in reserve for his next match. Of the losers, Mr. Tollemache showed by far the better form. Many of his returns of the service in the back-hand court, either on the volley or half volley, were delightful to watch, but his play was too erratic to spell success against such strong opposition. Mr. Boddington returned many difficult strokes admirably, but he also let down a great many easy aces.

The final was a great game, worthy to rank among the historic matches which have been played in this event. Mr. Bruce, though playing with a bandaged wrist, put up a performance which was very different from that shown by him on the previous day. He found a good length for his service, and in the many hard-fought rallies some marvellous half volleys which he brought off awakened enthusiastic applause from the gallery. Mr. Leatham was quieter than usual, and except on rare occasions was not serving with his accustomed accuracy. On the other hand, Mr. Baerlein served better than he had done at any time either in the singles or doubles, and Mr. Kershaw's hurricane hitting both in service and in the rallies was most effective. The Manchester pair won the first two games, the first somewhat easily, the second after a desperate struggle. Then Mr. Leatham and Mr. Bruce won a game, which was marked by many exceptionally brilliant rallies. They reached 10-8 in the fourth game, but Mr. Baerlein and Mr. Kershaw then produced their finest form and took this game at 15-11. They also won the fifth and last game, at 15-9, Mr. Kershaw providing a very severe service at a most critical moment. Thus the championship for 1914 went to the Manchester pair. It will take a very strong combination to deprive them of it.

A. R. H.



## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### A PIGMY WHALE HEAD.

THE Southern Seas, from the coasts of Australia and New Zealand to those of South America, are the home of a whale nearly related to the giant Greenland species, but of comparatively small size, attaining a length of not more than about twenty feet. Of the head of this pigmy whale the Natural History Branch of the British Museum possesses the plaster cast shown in the accompanying photograph, which was taken some years ago from a freshly stranded specimen by Dr. E. C. Stirling, director of the Museum at Adelaide, South Australia, who presented it to our own museum.

The special interest of this specimen is that it exhibits in its true form and natural relations the fringe of long whalebone on each side of the upper jaw which constitutes one of the most characteristic features of the so-called right whales, as distinct from the rorquals or fin-whales, in which the whalebone is very much shorter. To allow room for these great pendant fringes, or curtains, each composed of a vast number of parallel plates of whalebone set side by side with their broad, flat surfaces in apposition, the upper jaw in these whales is, so to say, cut away on each side into the form of an arch, so that the fore part of the jaw is reduced to little more than a curved rod. On the other hand, the lower lips are raised into high convex walls which, when the mouth is closed, overlap the fringes of whalebone and thus shut in the whole cavity. When the cast was taken the mouth was opened to much more than its normal extent, which has, however, the advantage of displaying in the fullest manner the whalebone fringes. Moreover, the convex wall of the left lower lip had fallen somewhat outwards from its own weight and "flabbiness" at the time the cast was made, thereby displaying the great fleshy tongue which, when the mouth is closed, forms a cushion occupying the interval between the two fringes of whalebone, with the exception, perhaps, of a small space at the summit of the vault-like roof of the mouth. The specimen (inclusive, of course, of such replicas as may have been made) is probably unique, since it is impossible to exhibit in museums the complete heads of the larger whales, otherwise than by models, which, even if based on the actual skulls, cannot be so true to nature as casts from specimens in the flesh. The long whalebone fringes of the right whales, more especially those of the Greenland species, in which they attain their highest development—the largest plates being as much as ten or even a dozen feet in length—form a most efficient straining apparatus, quite unparalleled in any other animals. For, unlike rorquals, several of which feed to a greater or less extent on fishes, right whales, so far as is known (there appears to be no information with regard to the food of the pigmy species), subsist exclusively on minute floating organisms, which are taken into the mouth in enormous quantities.

To separate these floating organisms from the water taken into the mouth at the same time is the office of the fringes of whalebone, the delicate, frayed edges of which act as a kind of hair-sieve. According to observations made by whaling captains, it appears that after a right whale has taken in a mouthful of water, with the living "animalcules" it contains, as the mouth is slowly closed the long, slender, frayed tips of the plates of whalebone are folded back in such a manner that those in front underlie those behind in the deep channel between the tongue and the lower jaw. On the other hand, as the mouth is again opened to take in another supply, the elasticity of the plates causes them to straighten out and hang vertically downwards, as in the illustration, so that whatever the extent to which the jaws are normally opened the straining apparatus continues to act efficiently, the great convex walls formed by the lower lips preventing the tips of the whalebone fringes being carried outwards by the great rush of water during the process of closing the mouth.

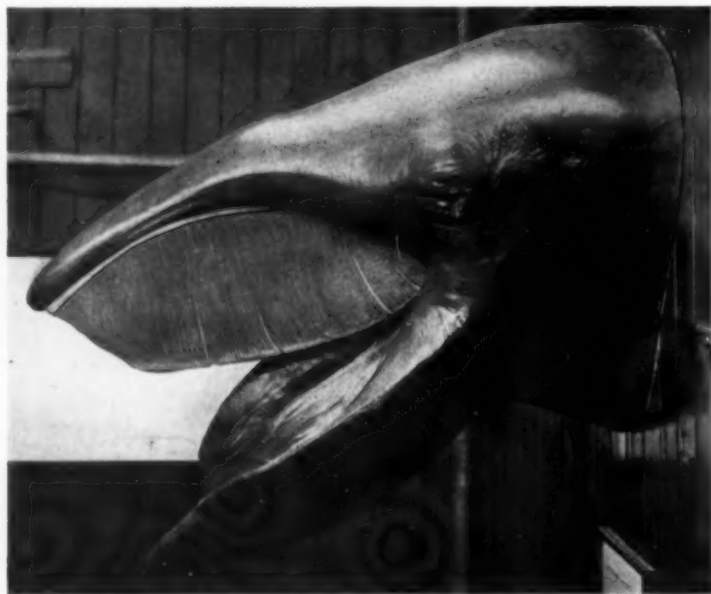
When the strained food is left lying on the surface of the tongue it is swallowed. The illustration also shows the relatively small size of the eye characteristic of all the larger

cetaceans, a feature in which whales differ remarkably from their long-extinct predecessors (not ancestors, be it observed), the fish-lizards, or ichthyosaurs, in some of which the socket of the eye is about a foot in diameter. The reason for this great difference in two groups of animals of apparently very similar habits has still to be found. Some distance behind the eye is seen in the photograph the almost pin-like aperture of the ear, which is unprovided with any "conch." Whether this extremely minute ear aperture implies comparatively limited power of hearing in whales is likewise not accurately known, although the complex structure of the internal ear is in favour of good auditory powers. The blow-hole occupies the highest point in the profile of the fore part of the head represented in the photograph. Whether whales sleep is another problem of great interest. That animals of such high organisation should be able to do without sleep seems almost incredible; but sleeping whales, at all events in any numbers, are not encountered on the high seas, and how whales could sleep beneath the surface without being able to breathe passes comprehension! R. L.

### THE MIGRATION OF INSECTS.

An interesting paper, dealing with the appearances of moths and other insects at lighthouses, is contributed to the *Scottish Naturalist* by Mr. William Evans. Most of the records are from lighthouses on the East Coast of Scotland, where moths are not very numerous and the weather is not often very favourable, so it may be supposed that on our Southern Coasts the number of insects would be far greater. Ornithologists have long made use of lighthouses as places for observing the migration of birds, and it is to be regretted that systematic records have not been

made of the appearances of insects as well. The so called migrations of locusts have long been known, but it is not generally recognised that similar peregrinations occur in other groups of insects. The word "migration" cannot be applied to insect movements in the same sense as it is used in reference to birds, for the life of an insect in the winged state is too short for it to have evolved so complicated a habit. These movements are probably directed by some failure of the food supply in the region where the insects are bred, and they are thus of the same kind as the "irruptions" of certain species of birds, such as the sandgrouse or the waxwing, large numbers of which visited these islands during the recent winter. It is well known



A MINNOW AMONG WHALES.

that many British butterflies, such as the Painted Lady, the two Clouded Yellows, the Camberwell Beauty, the Death's Head and Convolvulus Hawk-moths, are only periodical immigrants. Others, such as the Silver Y (*Plusia gamma*), occasionally receive large additions to their number from across the sea. The Painted Lady, a notorious wanderer, found almost all over the world, has been captured at sea two hundred miles from the Cape Verde Islands and six hundred miles from the Coast of Africa. Mr. Evans records some remarkable instances of the migration of this butterfly. In the great "irruption" of them which took place in 1879 their passage over the Alps was traced by finding thousands of them on the snow around the hospice of St. Gothard. At Geneva "the swarm was said to have obscured the sun for several minutes," and at Angers "it was estimated that the number passing along a single street in one hour was from 40,000 to 50,000." Another strong flyer is the Red Admiral, which appeared in large numbers on a ship some five hundred miles from the Lizard in Cornwall. The Common White butterflies (*P. brassicae* and *P. rapae*) occasionally move in large swarms from the Continent to England. "A very large flight crossed to Dover in 1846; it occurred on July 5th, and such was the density and extent of the cloud formed by the living mass, that it completely obscured the sun from the people on board the Continental steamer, and the decks were strewn in all directions with the insects." The most remarkable instance recorded by Mr. Evans is of a swarm of moths, a small and weak species, which surrounded a ship in mid-Atlantic, nine hundred and sixty miles from the Cape Verde Islands, the nearest land in which the insect is known to occur.

# THE EXCESSIVE HEIGHT OF YOUNG POLO PONIES

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think it is desirable to give preference to young ponies in the show ring which are in good condition and well fed, as they are then of more value to the trainer as four year olds than those that have not been well done. At the same time, I do not consider that height and size should carry *all* before it in any classes, and more especially in those for yearlings and two year olds, in which the animals may grow considerably.—R. R. GRUBB.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read all the correspondence and feel very diffident about offering an opinion, as I do not go in, and never have gone in, for breeding ponies. Many of our best ponies have been, and are still, pure "flukes," being either (1) thoroughbreds that never grew, (2) first foals, (3) or the progeny of an old mare, intended by the breeders for flat racing, steeple-chasing or hunting. Many of these so-called ponies are now being bred from by members of the National Pony Society, mated with small thoroughbreds, and in consequence the progeny is absolutely certain in some cases to throw back to their grandparents. This cannot be avoided, but after a few generations the type will gradually become fixed, until eventually there should be very few misfits. In my own mind I feel convinced that it is better to err on the big side, and that breeders like Sir John Barker are on the right track. If a pony grows too big, he is still a very useful animal for many different kinds of work; but if he is too small for polo, his value is *very* small indeed. I firmly believe in a dash of real pony blood, because of the wonderful constitution this gives; but for modern polo you must have speed, which our thoroughbreds alone can supply. The National Pony Society is doing splendid work, and I think it would be a great mistake to start a controversy which may cause experiments to be made which may undo much good work already done. I may be wrong, but think you will find that Sir John Barker breeds more ponies too small than ponies cast for being too big. The polo height is 14h. 2in.; but you must remember that ponies are measured when rising five years, when unfit and not fully developed, the result being that many, possibly the majority, grow to 14h. 3in. A breeder who aims at ponies passing the 14h. 2in. standard, when fit and in full vigour, as a maximum, will under existing conditions find that most of his ponies are too small. The crux of the matter is that the playing height is to all intents and purposes 14h. 3in., as the majority of ponies grow up nearly an inch when "muscle up" and fit for polo. These are merely my personal views on the subject, but, as I have no experience as a breeder, my opinion cannot carry any great weight.—CHARLES D. MILLER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read this correspondence with great interest, and, as a novice, trying to breed an odd pony or two of the right height and type, I shall gain, I hope, some very useful light on the question of growth of young stock at different ages. The two year old filly Jinny Lina was "out of it" for height, and at least two inches less than any of the first five (above her) in her class at the National Pony Show. I measured her again a week after the show, and find she is exactly 13h. 3in. in shoes, and was foaled May 10th, 1912. Her dam was 14h. 2in., granddam 14h. 2in., and great-granddam, 14h. 2in. Sire, Golden Galleon, was a 14h. 2in. thoroughbred, I am told. She has not been "forced" in any sense of the word, and had never seen a loose box until six weeks before the show, when, in order to get her coat off, I had to bring her in and coddle her a bit.—C. COLTHURST HOLLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There is a point in "A Well-known Argentine Breeder's" letter, viz., the difficulty of a breeder to fix a type. This is a point which must have struck a spectator at the National Pony Show the other day; indeed, who could help being struck by the great variation in type as shown by the first seven horses in the open polo pony stallion class. In deciding what is the highest type of animal in the country, the breed societies are entirely dependent on the judging at shows. However much one may hear about "true type" in after-dinner speeches, when it comes to awarding prizes in the show ring all these theories appear to be abandoned, with the result that anyone trying to follow the selections of the judges is hopelessly bewildered. In the above-mentioned class the leading seven horses were: First, a pony which you described in your article on the show as being suitable to breed a good harness pony; second was the very coachy looking Arthur D.; third was a little flat racer; fourth, Ollerton, a veritable giant; fifth, a typical miniature hunter sire, till one saw him move; sixth, another blood weed; seventh, perhaps the truest pony of the lot. You will admit that for the uninitiated seeking light it was a little difficult to carry away a true impression of a polo pony sire.—ATHOMEALONE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I quite agree with your correspondent "Heather" as to the honours being awarded to ponies much above a normal height for animals whose adult measurement should be 14h. 2in. I thought the yearlings which won were from 13h. 3in. to 14h., and the two year olds seemed about 14h. 2in., thus allowing no margin for further growth. My opinion is that when the exhibits of normal size are playing polo and winning honours in shows as polo ponies, these larger animals will be too big for polo ponies and too small for anything else, and, to put it plainly, will be "misfits." Although entered in the supplement, they will probably be too high for entry in the Stud Book at four years old. It is satisfactory to know that this matter is to have attention drawn to it in such a prominent way, and I hope a proper regulation of heights will be made.—S. G. CHELLEW, M.R.C.V.S.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I beg to say that I fully agree with your correspondent. At this moment I am feeling rather sore as to two year olds, for I sent up a pony which was a picture of a polo pony (not a two year old, which would probably

make a hunter) and of exactly the standard height for two year olds, and he was only given reserve, critics saying he was too much on pony lines. He was polo bred, being out of a 14h. 2in. polo pony by Bold Marco. It is impossible to know what they want, but I do know by my own experience that these very big two year olds grow too big. My daughter has one at this moment who took champion cup for two year olds at Islington, and is now being trained as a hunter and will carry 14st. or 15st. Personally, I should have a much lower height for two year olds and no class for anything younger. I was so disgusted with some of the judging, although it did not affect me personally, that I am giving up ponies and shall in future stick to my hunters and thoroughbreds.—ONLOOKER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—"Heather" is right. It is altogether unfair that animals bred as Tarantella is can take prizes in the young classes for polo ponies, for she was out of a big mare by a big horse and would naturally be tall in youth.—SURREY.

[Tarantella's breeder informs us that both her dam and sire were 16h., but on her breeding she could not now be exhibited in the young classes.—ED.]

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed is the best I can send; the gaps are caused by the sale of ponies whose ultimate heights I was able to obtain, but not always the intermediate ones. Mare No. 6 is interesting, as all her progeny are too small. Two of her fillies produced three too small; one of these (No. 5), with Gillie Flower's help, produced two full size ones. I do not think it is possible to lay down many rules, the individuality of the sire and dam being the greatest factor, but on the whole, it is much easier to breed small than big ones. All my young stock had the same treatment except the few which were shown, but these had brothers or sisters giving much the same results in the end. I think first foals are often the smallest, and young mares are possibly more apt to have big foals than old ones, but this last is very uncertain. My oldest and smallest mare had often very big offspring—her last but one as big as any. She had pony blood.—SUSAN IVES.

Young Ponies.	Age.					Remarks.
	One year.	Two years.	Three years.	Four years.	Five years.	
	h. in. h.	in. h.	in. h.	in. h.	in. h.	
1. Filly by Bashom the Fox	12 3 1/2	13 3 1/2	14 2	14 2	14 2	(Nos. 1 and 2 on the small side.)
2. Colt " "	13 3	14 1	14 2	14 3	14 3	Registered.
3. Filly " "	12 3	13 3	14 1	14 1 1/2	14 2	

MARE No. 2. (Very old when first bred from. Height, 13h. 2in. Irish, with Connemara blood.)						
1. Colt by Rosewater	12 2 1/2	13 1 1/2	14 0	14 0	14 0	(Nos. 4 and 6 rather small.)
2. Colt " "	12 3 1/2	14 0	14 2	15 0	15 1 1/2	
3. Filly by Lord Polo	12 3 1/2	13 2 1/2	13 3 1/2	14 0 1/2	14 1	
4. Colt by Bashom the Fox	12 3 1/2	14 0 1/2	14 1	14 2 1/2	14 2 1/2	Registered.
5. Colt by Gillie Flower	13 1	14 0	14 2 1/2	—	15 2	
6. Colt by Bashom the Fox	12 3 1/2	—	—	—	14 2 1/2	Registered.

\* Shown in London at two years. † Probably stunted as a foal.

MARE No. 3. (Age about seventeen years. Where first bred from. Height, 15h. 2in. Irish hunter mare.)						
1. Filly by Bashom the Fox	13 2 1/2	14 0	14 1 1/2	—	14 2	(Nos. 1, 2, and 6, on small side.)
2. Filly " "	13 1 1/2	13 3	—	—	14 2	
3. Filly " "	13 3 1/2	14 3	15 0	15 1 1/2	15 1 1/2	
4. Filly " "	14 0	14 1	14 2	14 3	14 3	Registered.
5. Colt " "	13 1 1/2	14 1	14 3 1/2	14 3 1/2	—	Registered for life.
6. Filly " "	13 2 1/2	14 1 1/2	14 2	14 2	—	

MARE No. 4. (Age six years. Height, 14h. 1 1/2in. Thoroughbred, Bred in Ireland.)						
1. Colt by Bashom the Fox	13 2 1/2	14 2	14 3	—	15 2	(Nos. 2 and 3 on small side.)
2. Filly " "	13 1 1/2	14 1	—	—	14 2	
3. Filly " "	13 1 1/2	14 1	14 1 1/2	14 2 1/2	14 2 1/2	Registered.
4. Colt " "	14 0 1/2	14 3	15 0	15 1	15 2	
5. Filly " "	14 0 1/2	14 1 1/2	14 3	14 3	—	

MARE No. 5. (Age three. Height, 14h. Polo bred. Inbred to Rosewater. Grand-daughter of Mare No. 6.)						
1. Colt by Gillie Flower	13 0 1/2	13 3 1/2	14 1	14 2	14 3	Registered.
2. Colt " "	12 3 1/2	13 3	14 1	—	14 3	
3. Colt by Bashom the Fox	12 2 1/2	13 3	14 2	—	14 2	(Nos. 3 and 4 on small side.)
4. Filly by Fox Bay	13 0 1/2	14 0 1/2	14 1	14 1 1/2	14 2	

MARE No. 6. (Aged. Height, 14h. Well bred looking and handy. Particulars of pedigree unknown.)						
1. Filly by Rosewater*	12 2	13 2 1/2	13 3	13 3 1/2	14 0	This was one of the first
2. Colt " "	12 1 1/2	13 2	14 0	14 1	14 1	mares bred from, and until
3. Filly " "	12 2 1/2	13 2	13 3	14 0	14 0	the first two had grown up
4. Colt " "	12 1 1/2	13 2	13 2	13 2	13 2	we did not realise that they
5. Filly by The Monk	13 1	13 3 1/2	13 3 1/2	14 0	14 0 1/2	were all going to be too
6. Filly by Gillie Flower	13 1 1/2	13 3 1/2	—	—	14 1 1/2	small; especially as the
7. Filly " "	12 2	13 3	—	—	14 1 1/2	young of Mare No. 2 were

MARE No. 7. (Aged. Height, 14h. 3in. Irish Thoroughbred.)						
1. Filly by Mootrub	13 1 1/2	14 0 1/2	14 1 1/2	14 1 1/2	14 1 1/2	
2. Filly by Bashom the Fox	13 1	14 0	14 0 1/2	—	14 3	Registered.
3. Colt " "	13 2 1/2	14 1	14 2 1/2	14 3	14 3 1/2	
4. Filly " "	13 2 1/2	14 0	14 2 1/2	—	14 3	
5. Colt by Fox Bay	13 1	13 3	14 2	—	14 3	
6. Colt " "	13 2 1/2	14 0	14 1	—	14 3	

The heights of the stallions are as follows:						
Bashom the Fox	..	..	14 2	Rosewater	..	..
Gillie Flower	..	..	14 2	Fox Bay	..	..
The Monk	..	..	14 2	Lord Polo	..	..
Mootrub	..	..	14 2			

[Sir John Barker writes: "I do not keep any tables now showing the annual growth of ponies. I used to, but they proved nothing, some animals will grow until they are two years old and stop, others will grow gradually; climatic conditions interfere with their growth, especially if it is cold and wet. My animals are all well done, and those that we select for showing are brought from grass about a month before they are shown, and during that month or five weeks greater care is bestowed upon them and they have a little more corn." Mr. Tresham Gilbey writes: "My experience is that when young ponies are forced for show purposes, they do not afterwards increase in such a rapid way as if they had been brought up in a natural state; but I am of the opinion that forcing has nothing to do with the ultimate height that the animal reaches."—ED.]



## CORRESPONDENCE.

### WEATHER AND MIGRATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be glad if you could offer any explanation of the following facts with reference to the arrival of our summer migrants. It is well known that during cold, stormy and tempestuous weather, such as we are now experiencing, the early arrivals are much delayed or only appear as mere stragglers, the main body following later. Thus, during late March and early April 1911, we experienced a succession of strong gales with showers of snow and sleet, culminating in a fierce blizzard on April 5th which completely covered the ground with snow in the East Grinstead district. As a result, not a single chiff-chaff was to be heard till the second week in April instead of late in March; also willow wrens, swallows, sand martins, etc., were much behind time. My point is, that seeing all these species come from far distant lands (the Mediterranean, Northern Africa, etc.), how can they possibly divine the kind of weather we are experiencing in Britain, and what is it that prevents them arriving at the usual time and perishing in large numbers? It cannot be argued that there is any connection between climatic conditions here and in Northern Africa, yet there must be some cause which checks the migratory instinct. It may be of interest to record that I saw a ring-ousel here on the 22nd ult. Hoping I have not troubled you with unnecessary details.—H. H. FARWIG.

[It is impossible to suppose that birds which spend the winter in Africa can have any warning of a cold spring here and that they delay their migration in consequence. What we may reasonably imagine to happen is that as the birds journey northwards they find themselves in a region of cold weather in, say, the South of France. When the weather improves they continue their voyage until they are stopped again, perhaps, by a snowstorm in the Valley of the Loire. But, generally speaking, taking an average of a number of years, there is no very great variation of weather in a given period, and the dates of arrival of birds in this country are remarkably constant. In cases similar to that quoted by our correspondent, it may happen that a late blizzard will destroy thousands of birds, which have already arrived, and it is found that those species, such as the chiff-chaff, which migrate early are scarce throughout the summer. It must



THE OLD HAMLET OF SCARRINGTON.



AN OLD MUD WALL DOVECOTE.

*Note thickness of wall.*

always be remembered, too, that the first migrants are easily overlooked, unless they draw attention to themselves by their song on a fine day.—ED.]

### THE FLY PLAGUE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with interest the letters in your columns dealing with the hibernation of flies. The whole of this winter from the beginning of November I have been a victim to their vitality, for not a day has passed without my having to destroy an average of twenty big black house-flies. Very often they keep me awake; I find them crawling on my bed and flying into my lamp. I would give much to know how to get rid of them. My room is very large, very high and extremely cold; windows rarely shut. They swarm in the summer, and are nothing short of a plague, and I should

be truly grateful if any of your readers could give me any suggestion as to how to keep them out of the room, which is kept scrupulously clean.—E. EBURY.

[We have received a number of letters during the winter dealing with this difficult question. The first thing to do is to find out the origin of the flies and, if possible, to destroy it. Possibly it is a refuse pit near the house, or it may be a stable or a farmyard. If, in spite of all that can be done, the flies still persist in entering the room, we have known a case in which they were quickly destroyed by leaving two or three saucers filled with formaline (40 per cent.) exposed in the room. There is some doubt as to whether the true house-fly does hibernate; many of the hibernating flies which we have seen belong to other species. If they are sent to Mr. E. E. Austen at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, he will name them and inform the sender about their life history, which ought to suggest a means for their destruction. The subject is touched upon in our Country Notes.—ED.]

### MUD WALLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been greatly interested in seeing in recent issues of COUNTRY LIFE the photographs and descriptions of ancient mud cottages. Your correspondents send isolated cases of these, but I am sending you photographs taken at Scarrington, a little village about twelve miles from Nottingham, where there is quite a hamlet of these mud-walled cottages. There are two parts to this village—the old and the new—the latter being built about five or six hundred yards from the old part, and is quite uninteresting. But the old portion, being quite detached from the more modern part, has quite a number of these mud-walled dwellings. They appear to be hundreds of years old, and are now getting so unsafe that they are all condemned. The walls of many of them are nearly two feet thick, solid mud, and, from the appearance of the walls in some places, seem to have been built of slabs or large "bricks" of mud. This is noticeable where the outer plastering of mud has fallen away. Some idea of the thickness of the walls may be got from the view of the ruined dovecote. This is an extremely interesting building. I was told by the farmer at this place that the entrance doorway to the "cote" was only about three feet high, and, as you will see by the photograph, all the interior walls are honeycombed with nesting holes for the birds, both compartments of the building being alike inside. I understand that there used to be a thatched roof to this place, but it got into such disrepair that a new tiled roof had to be supplied. Indeed, in some cases, in the mud-built cottages they have had to be repaired from time to time, and this has been done in most cases with brickwork. The whole of the old hamlet is well worth a visit, for it has the appearance almost of an Early Saxon group of dwellings. It seems a pity these old places must eventually disappear; but one of the villagers there told me they were scarcely fit for human habitation.—E. L. KENT.



A WELL PRESERVED MUD COTTAGE.





THE TWO LEAF FORMS.



CENTAUREA NIGRA.

graph. Other differences less apparent in the photograph are the softer texture and lighter colour of the foliage in the cut-leaved plants. I would call the attention of readers of COUNTRY LIFE to the following points for study: The relative frequency and distribution of these two varieties of *C. nigra*; whether they come true from seed; and whether normal pollination takes place. Have we here, then, an instance of a mutant established as a permanent form beside the parent stock, or does mutation continually recur?—T. SPENCER SMITHSON.

#### RIDING ON THE LAKE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."] SIR,—I enclose a copy of a rather interesting photograph which I took on Lake Como, at Bellagio, last year, of a man bicycling. I regret that I cannot give details as to how it was done, save that it was propelled on two small rafts of wood, as seen.—ELIZABETH GRANT.

#### HOLIDAYS ON THE UPPER THAMES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."] SIR,—With reference to a letter in your issue of March 14th by a correspondent, "A. F. S.," on the subject of "The Thames and Severn Canal Tunnel," would you be so kind as to give me the following particulars relative to this canal, as I am planning a single-handed boating holiday to be spent on the upper reaches of the Thames? (1) Is the tunnel navigable now?

#### NATURAL VARIATIONS AND HYBRIDISM.

[TO THE EDITOR.] SIR,—While much is being done on the experimental side to determine the range of possibility of new forms of organisms arising through hybridisation or mutation, there appears still room for observation of varietal forms under natural conditions, particularly in our native flora. This is said with no depreciation of the careful analysis already made of groups like the violets and other genera. I enclose two photographs of a comparatively simple case of the kind of observation I wish to suggest. That *Centaurea nigra* occurs in two very distinct forms is doubtless well known to botanists, but I can find no reference to the fact in the works I have consulted, the foliage being merely described as variable. In the photograph of the two types placed together it will be seen that their general mode of growth is the same. When, however, we compare the foliage, we meet with striking differences which are not superficial only. In the one form the leaves are cut, in the other entire. The venation of the cut-leaved kind is quite unlike that of the uncut, but details of this part of the structure of the leaves need not be entered into here, as they are obvious in the photo-

(2) What is the size, and depth of water in tunnel, of the canal? (3) What is the best map of that district? Perhaps if you cannot answer these queries off hand, your correspondent "A. F. S." will oblige me.—C. D. B.

["A. F. S.," to whom this letter was sent, writes as follows: "In reply to your correspondent's letter re 'The Thames and Severn Canal Tunnel,' (1) I do not think the tunnel is navigable now. When I was there last autumn there was very little water in the tunnel, and the canal for nearly a quarter of a mile below this spot was overgrown with reeds and rushes. (2) I am sorry I cannot say. (3) I should recommend the Ordnance Survey maps, scale one inch to the mile, or the six inch to the mile scale, which would give still more detail. I think your correspondent would be interested in Mr. Temple Thurston's book, 'The Flower of Glo'ster,' in which he delightfully describes a holiday in a boat in which he traversed the canal from Stroud to Sapperton. The village of Sapperton is situated on the bank above the tunnel, and the view from here is magnificent, and the country for several miles down the canal is delightful."—ED.]

#### BEGGARS AT DARJEELING.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I beg herewith to enclose a print entitled "The Beggar and His Son," which was taken by me in Darjeeling last December.—D. G. NAIRN.

#### MR. HORACE HUTCHINSON'S REMINISCENCES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I am much obliged by the letters of Mr. Ernest Lehmann and of "Grex" on my memories of the first few Inter-University golf matches. I do not the least know with what authority the "Book of Blues," of which "Grex" writes, speaks, but I expect it is much more likely to be correct than is my own remembrance of what happened so long ago. If its record was contemporary with the events, it is, no doubt, to be trusted, but if it was compiled some years later there is plenty of doubt. However, I confess to some dim memory of the match first spoken of—in 1878—now that it is mentioned, and it may be, as Mr. Lehmann says, that I telescoped up together in my mind the matches of 1878 and 1879, and that I actually did play in three of these matches, although I have not the faintest recollection of playing in more than two. It shows how difficult history—true history—must be to arrive at. And I could not be sure whether Mr. "Andy" Stuart just won from Mr. Linskill, by holing a good putt at the last hole, in 1879, or halved with him. The "Book of Blues" says he just won, so that is probably what happened. A halved match would hardly have saved the conclusion from being a little comic. I know Mr. Linskill would not object to this comment. Whichever way we take it, it is likely that the world will continue to go round just the same.—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.



THE BEGGAR AND HIS SON.



CYCLING ON LAKE COMO.

### THE GOVERNOR OF THE GOLD COAST'S RESIDENCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a photograph of Christiansborg Castle on the Gold Coast, where the Governor of the Colony, Sir Hugh Clifford, K.C.M.G., and Lady Clifford have been entertaining His Highness the Duke of Mecklenburg, Governor of Togoland and leader of the German Central African Expedition of 1910-11, undertaken in the interests of science and natural history. The surf beats like thunder on the walls of the old castle, built by the Swedes about 1645, but owned successively by the Danes, Portuguese and Dutch before the British held it. The interior is filled with windowless dungeons, entered from the courtyard through iron barred gates; they still remain as they were at the end of the eighteenth century, when they were used to imprison the slaves driven down from Central Africa to the coast for shipment. On calm afternoons numberless turtles, taking their evening swim, pop their heads out of the smooth water, and at night they can be seen in the moonlight crawling out of the surf to bury their eggs in the sand. Neither the coconut palms nor the cactus plants seen in the photograph are indigenous to the coast.—Z.



CHRISTIANSBORG CASTLE ON THE GOLD COAST.

### A FARMHOUSE SANCTUARY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photographs are of St. Aylotts, an unpretentious, isolated farmhouse on the Cambridgeshire border of Essex. It is well off the high road and approached by fields, then across the moat which surrounds the house excepting in two places, which have been filled in for purposes of traffic. The drawbridge has long since gone. The house dates back to the fourteenth century or earlier, and is said to have been a chapel in connection with the priory of Walden, until the fourth Duke of Norfolk, just before his execution, presented the lease to an old and trusted servant. The interior view is taken in the chapel, a dilapidated room now used as a storing place for farmhouse miscellany, skeps of potatoes, a patch of sprouting onions, harness, tools and so forth; but it shows the entrance and heavy oak door beyond, reached by an outer winding stone stairway. At one end of the room a low door opens into a dark recess, supposed to have been an oratory, and having in its wall a hollowed-out stone basin like a piscina. The kitchen, though not up to date, has lost its ancient interest; but a row of strong nails at intervals of about six inches, high up and round the wall, gives the idea that there may have been hangings. The outside of the house, with its unassuming "front" door, its heavy beams and carved spandrels, its queer chimneys, and, where the brickwork gives place to plaster, its pargeted patterns, is richly decorated. One old window still remains, with pointed tops and stone mullions. Altogether St. Aylotts holds attractions for the antiquary, though probably few for the modern farmer, and still fewer for his wife, who finds her larder at one extreme and her kitchen at the other extreme end of a long and draughty passage—inconveniences not even compensated for by a sanctuary in the house.—ELIZABETH KIRK.



DOOR OF THE SANCTUARY.

winding stone stairway. At one end of the room a low door opens into a dark recess, supposed to have been an oratory, and having in its wall a hollowed-out stone basin like a piscina. The kitchen, though not up to date, has lost its ancient interest; but a row of strong nails at intervals of about six inches, high up and round the wall, gives the idea that there may have been hangings. The outside of the house, with its unassuming "front" door, its heavy beams and carved spandrels, its queer chimneys, and, where the brickwork gives place to plaster, its pargeted patterns, is richly decorated. One old window still remains, with pointed tops and stone mullions. Altogether St. Aylotts holds attractions for the antiquary, though probably few for the modern farmer, and still fewer for his wife, who finds her larder at one extreme and her kitchen at the other extreme end of a long and draughty passage—inconveniences not even compensated for by a sanctuary in the house.—ELIZABETH KIRK.

### A ONCE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Although the full glory of the once beautiful Wandle and its charming valley may never be recovered—industrialism and the carelessness of man have put this out of the question—some of its earlier, unspoiled character may be regained, and lovers of Surrey scenery have cause to offer thanks for what is being done. Last summer a portion of the old Carshalton Park was opened for the benefit of the inhabitants of what was once a picturesque village, with a name of which the original meaning has been largely lost by modern pronunciation, one having to pause a moment to evolve Car's Halton from Car-shalton. Once to my joy I met an old labouring man who softened the word into Case-halton, which is about as near as I can

express the sound in print. Then last summer, too, came the pleasing news that the National Trust had acquired a further tract of riverside land at Mitcham, further strengthened by a generous gift from Mr. Richardson Evans. In this manner we have had preserved to us a really natural piece of river scenery, still wild enough to form sanctuary for the kingfisher and waterfowl of sorts. If one is so disposed, altogether pleasing riverside walks may yet be had, and, as the operations of the River Wandle Open Spaces Committee extend, welcome promenades and gardens along the banks will relieve the ugliness of the dreariest parts in the direction of Earlsfield. From source to confluence with the Thames but a few miles in length, surely the Wandle is a toy among rivers, yet, as every reading man knows, in his introduction to "The Crown of Wild Olive" Ruskin declared that "twenty years ago, there was no lovelier piece of lowland scenery in South England, nor any more pathetic, in the world, by its expression of sweet human character and life, than that immediately bordering on the source of the Wandle (*sic*), and including the low moors of Addington, and the villages of Beddington and Carshalton, with all their pools and streams." The change that had been wrought by 1870 called forth that indignant protest which should ever serve as warning: "The place remains nearly unchanged in its larger features; but with deliberate mind I say, that I have never seen anything so ghastly in its inner tragic meaning—not in Pisan Maremma—not by Campagna tomb—not by the sand isles of the Torcellan shore—as the slow stealing of aspects of reckless, indolent, animal neglect, over the delicate sweetness of that English scene. . . . Just where the welling of stainless water, trembling and pure, like a body of light, enters the pool of Carshalton, cutting itself a radiant channel down to the gravel, through warp of feathery weeds, all waving, which it traverses with its deep threads of clearness, like the chalcedony in moss-agate, starred here and there with the white grenouillette; just in the very rush and murmur of the first spreading currents, the human wretches of the place cast their street and house foulness; heaps of dust and slime, and broken shreds of old metal, and rags of putrid clothes." Half a dozen men, said Ruskin, with one day's work could cleanse those pools. It may be. To-day, so polluted has the river become in one part and another that the task is more difficult. But for small mercies we must offer up thanks. The *Observer* told us on Sunday that the Carshalton Urban Council is now spending money in preserving the beauties of the pool, beautiful still despite all. The purity of Wandle water may never come back, but much can be done, and is going to be done, to make the Wandle banks once again a joy to Nature lovers.—A. C. S.



ST. AYLOTT'S FARMHOUSE: THE CHAPEL WAS ONCE A SANCTUARY.